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A RESPONSIBLE INDIAN MINISTER.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, avowing with an excess of candour more than he has really done, has assumed the exclusive responsibility of an ungenerous blunder in which one at least of his principal colleagues was involved. The House of Commons will decide whether Mr. DISRAELI is to escape the consequences of his reckless announcement that the Cabinet "disapproved, in every sense," of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL's proclamation; but the public interests which have been compromised by the intemperate and precipitate censure on Lord CANNING, are far more vital and more permanent than the possible results of any Parliamentary conflict. It has often been alleged, in excuse for the wanton destruction of the East India Company, that the machinery of administration at home is comparatively unimportant, inasmuch as the real government of India must necessarily be carried on at Calcutta; yet, while the House of Commons is discussing the comparative utility of a President and a Secretary of State, the barren controversy is interrupted by a public Ministerial protest against the deliberate policy of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Whatever may be the merits of the proclamation, it is impossible to deny that the publication of the despatch was an appeal to English prejudices and opinions. The "message of peace," though it may have been eventually addressed to the people of India, was in the first instance forwarded by special express to Mr. BRIGHT. The PRESIDENT of the BOARD of CONTROL, jealous of his own authority, and not unbiassed by resentment against his successor in the viceregal throne, may have been thinking of injured Rajahs and of dispossessed Zemindars; but the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was counting or miscounting the auxiliary votes which might be picked up at the Reform Club. The uncontrollable wrong-headedness of one Minister, and the intriguing ingenuity of another—risking the cost of another campaign and an additional loan—ought at least to provide a trifling compensation, in the form of a political lesson. In the present instance, the mischief is the less because the shortsightedness which is common to passion and to cunning has mistaken the direction of the popular weathercock; but there is no security that a crime will, on all future occasions, happily degenerate into a blunder. If the actual deadlock of parties had been established seven or eight months ago, Mr. DISRAELI would probably have volunteered, amid general applause, a public denunciation of Hindoos, Mahometans, and all their unpatriotic abettors.

The character of an individual Minister offers no sufficient security against the temptations of domestic politics. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, notwithstanding his lofty contempt for clamour and for faction, forgot, in his arrogant impatience of advice and of independent action, the consideration which was due to one of the highest servants of the Crown, and the reserve which is essential to the conduct of great affairs, and more especially to the administration of India. His predecessor, by withholding from the Government a communication addressed, in ignorance of the change of Ministry, to himself, has contrived to supply a posthumous illustration of the special unfitness which sometimes qualifies a party politician for the office of Indian Minister. The incapacity of Mr. VERNON SMITH, and the headstrong temerity of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, equally prove the necessity of maintaining the independent element in the Home Government of India. The worst enemies of the Directors have never accused them of tampering with Imperial questions for the benefit of party combinations, or for the gratification of personal resentment. The agitators will probably urge the compulsory retirement of Lord ELLENBOROUGH as a proof that a culpable Minister may be rendered immediately accountable to Parliament; but the mischievous apology for the insurgents of Oude has gone irrevocably forth,

and the punishment which has befallen its author has only been rendered possible by the accidental circumstance that the Government is in a minority in the House of Commons. It is true that these untoward complications have arisen while the old system of administration is still formally established; but Lord ELLENBOROUGH himself would have shrunk from an act in which his colleagues would assuredly never have concurred, if the recent legislative proposals and discussions had not impaired the authority of the Court of Directors. Some weeks since, the House of Lords listened in silence to the arrogant declaration that the vote of the House of Commons, on the introduction of Lord PALMERSTON's India Bill, had reduced the legal rulers of India to the condition of private individuals. The censure inflicted by Lord ELLENBOROUGH on the GOVERNOR-GENERAL—although a Court of Directors, subsequently assembled, unanimously declared their confidence in Lord CANNING, and expressed their conviction that he would continue to pursue the policy of clemency and moderation towards the Oude rebels which has hitherto marked his conduct—was a consistent exercise of the usurped authority which had been claimed without rebuke.

The official criticism on Lord CANNING's proclamation was only less rash and perverse than the determination to publish the despatch; for Lord ELLENBOROUGH was evidently almost as anxious to attack Lord DALHOUSIE as to assert his authority over a Governor-General who was innocent of the annexation of Oude. The reference to the treaties with the dethroned King was utterly irrelevant to the question whether the nobles of Oude should retain their possessions, for no statesman thinks it possible, after the campaign of Lucknow, to rescind a measure which had been carried into effect before the beginning of the mutiny. Mr. LAYARD, at St. James's Hall, was at liberty to prove at his leisure that the rebellion was natural, necessary, and justifiable. The statement of an old native, that the Government had been guilty of injustice, and of a young native, that it had become immoral, may possibly have interested an audience which last summer would have rejected all native expressions of opinion as probably criminal, and certainly false. But Lord ELLENBOROUGH was not in the position of an unemployed politician on his travels in search of a grievance. It was his business as Minister, not to inquire into problems of historical morality, but to determine what was to be done; and it is hardly probable that he seriously differed from Lord CANNING in his judgment of the legal position of the defeated insurgents. A dispassionate statesman would have reflected that a severity which seemed to him unexampled in history must be susceptible of further explanation, even if the terms of the order had been rightly understood. The attacks to which Lord CANNING has been subjected on the pretext of his undue clemency to rebels—a clemency which we have uniformly supported, and which will, we trust, continue to be the constant rule of his conduct—might have obtained a favourable or patient construction for his motives, when his policy bore the semblance of harshness. Any actual excess of severity in language might have been corrected in practice by judicious and detailed instructions from the Government at home; and in the last resort, it was in the power of the Crown to supersede an impracticable Viceroy. The worst course which could be adopted was to insult Lord CANNING without recalling him, and to stigmatize as flagitious and unjust a proclamation which, as Lord DERBY boasted, was not even necessarily to be revoked.

The use of the phrase "confiscation," seems to have been indiscreet, and it may possibly be found hereafter that a vigorous policy would not have been inconsistent with milder language; but the circumstances of the case necessarily required some distribution of threats and promises not sub-

stantially different from that indicated by Lord CANNING's proclamation. The offer of restitution to chieftains who should make their submission in time, combined with a threat of forfeiture in punishment of contumacy, would have been virtually equivalent to the manifesto which has presented the same contingencies in a converse shape. The experience of Indian statesmen must decide, when they have full information, whether it was more prudent to publish a condemnation or an amnesty, modified in either case by numerous exceptions. If Lord CANNING, after having had recourse to the best advice, has plausible reasons to assign for his own decision, he is entitled, not necessarily to ultimate acquittal, but to immunity from hasty and preliminary censure. At the worst, his proclamation is less inexcusable than the reckless and intemperate despatch which explains that the war for the subjugation of Oude was originally unjust and indefensible.

When the House of Commons again finds leisure to expatiate on the advantages of Ministerial responsibility, the evils of double government may be advantageously contrasted with the direct administration of India from the Board of Control. But for the theory of accountability to Parliament, Lord ELLENBOROUGH himself could have devised no pretext for communicating his "message of peace" to the London newspapers before it had been received in India. The Directors, among their obsolete traditions, cherish the custom of writing instructions for the guidance of their officers, and not for the edification of politicians at home or of malcontents in India. They have been known to recall a disobedient Governor-General; but they have not weakened the supreme authority by denouncing a policy in full operation.

If the publication of the despatch had been passed over with impunity, Indian Ministers might in future times have imitated the example of Lord ELLENBOROUGH with meaner motives, and with still more dangerous results. An order for the suppression of Hindoo processions would be more widely popular than a protest against the confiscation of feudal superiorities in Oude. The communication of such documents to the world at large would effectually anticipate the resistance of Indian statesmen to the revolutionary caprices of the Home Government; and it might probably be impolitic to appeal to the good sense of Parliament in favour of toleration and justice. The general indignation which has been called forth by the recent despatch has been mainly provoked by the ungenerous treatment of Lord CANNING; but the reckless indifference to the safety of India which has been displayed in the acts of the Government is far more culpable and dangerous than any personal injustice.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

THERE was much reason, not only to desire, but to expect, that the present Government would stand through the Session. The support—which, though given through hatred of a third party, was not the less support—of the independent Liberals seemed to guarantee them against all ordinary causes of dissolution. But they are now in extreme jeopardy through a proceeding on their part which it was impossible to foresee, and which tries to the utmost the strength of the antipathy to Lord PALMERSTON on the other side of the House. The "self-sacrifice," as it is courteous to style it, of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, could hardly be expected to redeem, in the eyes of opponents, the friends who were implicated in the substance of his proceeding, if not in its extremely salient form. The hard-pressed beaver has cast to the hunters that which it imagines to be the object of the chase; but the stratagem which kind Nature suggests to the persecuted animal has not been successful, and Lord SHAFTESBURY and Mr. CARDWELL still pursue their mutilated prey. If a defeat of the Government ensues, we may presume that it will end in a resignation. The desperate expedient of a gambling dissolution is one to which no conscientious politician would desire, and no politician should be permitted, to resort. Those who are charged by the Sovereign with the government of the country have no doubt a constitutional right to apply to the Sovereign for leave to obtain, by an appeal to the country, the support necessary for carrying on that Government. But it is equally constitutional for the Sovereign to inquire, before authorizing a Minister to involve the nation in the confusion of a general election, whether there is good reason to believe that the requisite accession of strength will be obtained. The cry of zemindars and talookdars will scarcely excite

enthusiasm in any constituencies but those of the Treasury boroughs; and the number of the Treasury boroughs is not sufficient, on the most liberal calculation, to turn, or even to alter materially in favour of the Government, the scale of parties in the House of Commons.

In case the Government fall, it may be expected that Lord PALMERSTON will be sent for by the QUEEN, and it is certain that, if sent for, he will leave Her MAJESTY's presence Prime Minister. But the question will then arise, who will be his colleagues? It is clear that with his former Cabinet he cannot command the support of a majority of the House. The dropping off of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the other principal members of the Government of which he originally formed a part, during the course of the Russian war, left him in effect sole Minister. The country, looking to him alone, and caring for little but the war, scarcely marked by whom the subordinate places were filled up; and this indulgence was naturally continued when the war was over, so long as the feelings excited by the war, and the gratitude towards those who had terminated it successfully, remained. But had Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry been originally presented to the nation as a whole in the form which it ultimately assumed, even exclusively of the last and most outrageous appointment, it would scarcely have passed muster even on the morrow of the fall of Sebastopol. The process of perpetual darning by which the ragged garment was held together, was tolerated because it was unobserved; but we should scarcely have accepted, nor shall we accept, as a new garment that which is one vast darn. Making all allowance for the authority which still attends the Nestorian age of Lord LANDSDOWNE, for the reputation enjoyed for diplomacy by Lord CLARENDON, and for the confidence and personal esteem inspired by Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, nobody can say that the colleagues with whom Lord PALMERSTON left office are competent as a body to conduct the Government of the country. Some changes, indeed, are quite inevitable. It cannot be imagined that either the Privy Seal or the Presidency of the Board of Control will be placed again in the same hands. It is distinctly understood that Sir GEORGE GREY, whose high character and experienced skill in conducting ordinary business were indispensable to the Government in the Commons, retires from public life; and if the love of office were capable of being extinguished, the late MINISTER OF WAR could scarcely desire to resume his former place. But the mere filling up of these places with men of the same calibre as their last occupants, or even a shade better, will not be sufficient to produce a Government strong enough to command Parliament, to carry on with vigour the business of the country, and to save us from another of those administrative revolutions which, coming in such rapid succession, degrade Parliamentary institutions and exalt despotism in the eyes of the world. Lord PALMERSTON, on whom everything would still depend, has obviously no domestic policy but that which results from the application of diplomatic tactics to the management of parties and interests at home. His foreign policy, founded essentially on a personal connexion, has ended, as all foreign policy founded on personal connexion deserves to end, in disaster and humiliation. His bearing towards the independent Liberals in the heyday of his power has estranged that party beyond recall, and was in fact the ultimate cause of his fall. The only support on which he can certainly rely is that which is commanded by the mover of the vote of censure on the present Government in the House of Lords. But the purchase of religious suffrages by the exclusive bestowal of patronage on an extreme party in the Church, is a resource which, if the inclusive character of the Church of England is to be retained, must evidently have its limits; and even the members of the favoured party had begun to see that the selection of bishops was not made from the party at large, but from a limited circle of family connexions. The PALMERSTON dictatorship, whatever may have been its merits or demerits, was a creature of circumstances which are now past; and if an attempt were made to revive it, Lord JOHN RUSSELL would hold the shears of destiny which would soon close upon the frail thread of its life.

Indeed, the meeting at Cambridge House on Sunday last, from which Mr. CARDWELL's motion emanated, may be taken as a decisive announcement that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, warned by advancing age—if age can warn ambition—have agreed to terminate their contest for the supremacy of the Liberal party, and that the next Ministry will contain them both. The selection of Mr. CARDWELL as the

move of the Vote of Censure also indicates that a new Government would not be confined to the exclusive Whig connexion. Having once commenced, the extension must go further. It may fairly be supposed that Liberal Conservatives who declined to become members of Lord DERBY'S Government do not intend, as practical men, to remain perpetually in the position of MAHOMET'S coffin, suspended between all possible Administrations, and taking part in none. The more advanced Liberals, too, have both the right to be adequately represented in a Liberal Administration, and abundant power to enforce that right; nor can it be supposed that, if their just claims are fairly recognised, they will think it incumbent on them to compel the Government to incur the reproach of Whig exclusiveness, by refusing to take part in rendering it broader. We should thus return to something nearly resembling the old Coalition Government, with all its merits and defects—with a great amount of administrative capacity, and the certainty of an impartial use of patronage, but with a want of internal cohesion between its members and of union under a single head. The experience of the last Coalition Government seems to indicate that such an Administration may not only exist, but exist with great honour and advantage to the country, in ordinary times; but that its texture would be severely tried by a question of extraordinary difficulty, like that of the Russian war or a Reform Bill. The great difficulty on the present occasion, as on the last, would probably arise from the peculiar tendencies of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who appears to be capable of a great effort of self-sacrifice at the moment of combination, but to derive from the consciousness of his sacrifice only a transient satisfaction, which speedily gives place to emotions of a kind rather embarrassing to his confederates. To guard against this internal danger, more formidable than the attacks of enemies without, would be Lord PALMERSTON'S first and most pressing care. No doubt each of the two statesmen would gladly reward the long services of the other with the honour of elevation to the peerage. But it is not probable that either of the two will consent, while still young and vigorous, to retire at the invitation of his admiring friend, from the scene of more arduous duties.

Nothing is more certain than that the country is disposed to be satisfied with any set of men by whom the Government is well administered, patronage justly bestowed, and the honour of the nation temperately maintained, without being extreme to inquire whether they are entirely agreed in their opinions on political questions of a speculative kind. The national hatred of "coalitions," if it ever existed, must have been effectually allayed by the recent practice, and, we may add, by the recent preaching of the very politicians by whom the most vehement appeals to that hatred were formerly made. The practical mind, indeed, is not long in arriving at the conclusion that, if we cannot have a Government of men who are exactly of one way of thinking, we must needs have a Government of men who are not. The dissolution of the old Whig and Tory parties, and of the bonds of political organization and discipline which those parties supplied—whether it is to be deplored or not—is a glaring fact, and one for which statesmen and the country must be prepared to make practical allowance in laying down rules for the function and conduct of Ministries for the future. A crisis has arrived in the history of our constitutional Government. It is not really a crisis of a disastrous kind, or one which denotes the coming of "the deluge" after the departure of the present leaders of the House of Commons. It arises partly from the increase of political enlightenment, independence of thought, and general purity of motive, which prevents men from being led blindly in herds by their prejudices, or banded together by the influence of corruption, and partly from the definitive acceptance of liberal and progressive principles of legislation and government by the great body of the nation. But, for the moment, it occasions difficulty and inconvenience, because it compels Governments to be formed of men who have been accustomed to act on party principles in opposition to each other. This crisis must be met, as many a constitutional crisis has been met before, by the practical good sense of the nation, adapting its institutions to emergencies without altering their organic form. If, to render the formation of a Cabinet possible, the permission of a large number of open questions is unavoidable, a large number of open questions must be permitted. If it is impossible for the Government, in a very independent House of Commons, to exercise the same control over legislation as before, we must be contented with less control over

legislation. It is ridiculous to deprive ourselves of the benefit of a good Executive by insisting on conditions which, from the nature of the case, can no longer be fulfilled. Statesmen, in the same manner, must learn that the rules of their action and combination have undergone a necessary change; and that, in place of being entirely held together by the common object of securing the ascendancy of Tory, Whig, or Liberal principles, they must for the future be held together more by mutual confidence, and a general agreement in the practical conduct of the Administration.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

IF the reforming party in Trinity College, Dublin, are right in asserting that the Senior Fellows of that institution are fattening by the starvation of the Juniors, we presume that the abuse is not a thing unheard-of in Ireland. Ireland is a country in which the rich man has been supping for centuries off the poor man's ewe-lamb; and, indeed, he is generally heard complaining that the Government does not find him in mint-sauce. Even in England the grievance is not quite novel. There is more than one College at Oxford and Cambridge which used to dam up its revenues for the advantage of six or seven eminently respectable, though quite useless, old gentlemen—sparing a mere dribble of its wealth to wet the wheels of the machinery by which the functions of the foundation are really performed. But the inequality is more insupportable at Dublin, because Trinity, besides being a College, is also a University. From this circumstance, the disproportion in the distribution of the funds acts more directly and palpably on the educational power of the institution, and loses (as we shall see) the advantage of that venerable prescription which covers the anomalies of an English College. An income derived in part from fees on Degrees is obviously in a very different situation from the rental of a landed endowment.

A Fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, is exceedingly different from a Fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge. A Fellow of a College at either of our Universities comes into the enjoyment of an annuity, conditional only on celibacy, and, except in a very few instances, he is at liberty to carry his talents into the best market he can find for them. But a Fellow of the Dublin College obtains, not a prize, but an office. He becomes the functionary of a University, with active duties, immediate or in prospect. He is bound to residence, and therefore deterred from entering any profession except that of education; but on the other hand he is not tied down to celibacy. Under the existing arrangements of Trinity, the successful candidate, after a very severe competition, is elected to a *non-Tutor* Fellowship, i.e. a Fellowship which does not entitle him to share in the fees paid for tuition. In this position his emoluments amount to the marvellous sum of 40*l.* Irish, only occasionally increased by an additional 20*l.* He is therefore condemned to almost abject penury, and his situation is the more galling from his forming part of a married society. The next step—which, however, is not accomplished till he has reached the mature age of forty and odd—lifts him to a Tutor-Fellowship, when he for the first time begins to enjoy a respectable income. It is an obvious evil that the Tutorships, on which the efficiency of the institution depends, should only be conferred on men in middle life, and under circumstances which inevitably give to active offices the character of a shelf. But a peculiarly pernicious influence must be exerted by the extremely late period at which the great prize of the foundation, the Senior Fellowship, is reached. A few sinecures of 200*l.* a year, attainable by the mere feat of living to the verge of senility, are enough to deaden a much more vivacious establishment than an ancient University. Everybody will hope to live long enough to enjoy them—almost nobody will care to deserve them. The best years of a man's life, under these singular arrangements, are passed in doing nothing except trying to ward off poverty by the ungracious labour of taking private pupils. A Fellow of Trinity must be more than human who, on reaching his forty-fifth year and a Tutorship, does not settle himself comfortably on his cushions, with the fixed intention of living, if possible, till seventy and a Senior Fellowship. We say this without disparagement to the existing body of Fellows. The hasty and ill-considered permission to marry, without conditions, was only accorded by the Crown in 1840. As yet, Trinity chiefly feels its influence in extraordinarily slow promotion. Its worst effects are still to come.

The income of a Senior Fellow of Trinity is reckoned as

amounting now to about 1900*l.* a-year. The reforming party illustrate the value of the office by telling us that a Professorship worth 1200*l.* per annum, was, as long ago as 1814, declined by all the Senior Fellows in turn; and recently, a Senior Fellow could only be induced to accept the lucrative and distinguished post of Regius Professor of Divinity on condition of having a living of 500*l.* a-year thrown into the bargain. Now, if the emoluments of the Senior Fellowship made anything like 1900*l.* a-year, we cannot hesitate to pronounce them exorbitant, even if the sources whence they are derived are absolutely unobjectionable. The clearest provision in a Founder's will, that one class of beneficiaries should receive eight times as much as another, would fail to command respect in modern times, if the general purpose of the foundation were educational, and if it were defeated by the existence of such an inequality. But there is no such direction in any statute of Trinity. The reformers point out that the annual proceeds of a Senior Fellowship are fixed by the Statutes at 92*l.*, of a Junior Fellowship at 36*l.*, and of a Scholarship at 18*l.* The non-observance of the principle of distribution here indicated, is a grievance which Trinity suffers in common with several Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; but the case of the Dublin foundation is peculiarly strong, because a clause in the Statutes expressly directs that these salaries are to be increased in the same proportions whenever the College revenues admit of the augmentation. But far the most indefensible pecuniary advantage of the Senior Fellows consists in the lion's share which they take from the fees which Trinity receives, not as a College, but as a University. The industry of the reformers has discovered that in 1801 the Provost and Senior Fellows received nothing whatever from the fees paid to the College by persons proceeding to the Degrees of M.A., LL.D., and D.D. But in 1851, the Report of the Royal Commissioners shows that out of 9*l.* 16*s.* paid by every Master of Arts, the Seniors were taking 4*l.* 10*s.*—that out of 33*l.* 15*s.*, levied on a Doctor of Laws, they took 16*l.*—and that out of 39*l.* 15*s.*, the fee of a Doctor of Divinity, they received 19*l.* As no alteration of fees can take place without the consent of the Visitors, which in this case had not been obtained, these appropriations appear to have been illegal; and, indeed, the Provost and Senior Fellows seem to have admitted as much, by soliciting the sanction of the Visitors, since 1851, to their existing table of fees. It may be remarked that these gentlemen have singular notions respecting law and its bearing on the statutes of Trinity College. One of these statutes contains the usual but most objectionable provision, that it shall not be lawful, between members of the foundation, *aliquem foras in jus vocare*. Two of the Fellows having published in a newspaper some remarks on the matters we are now discussing, the Provost and Senior Fellows had them publicly reprimanded, under the clause just cited—perhaps the queerest acknowledgment of the jurisdiction of the press which has ever been volunteered.

It is calculated that the disposable revenues of Trinity College, if equally divided among the Fellows, would give each of them between 800*l.* and 900*l.* a-year. Nobody recommends a pedantic uniformity of distribution, or would quarrel with the foundation for maintaining a few comfortable sinecures for veteran Fellows. But the existing inequality shocks one's first instincts of fairness, while some of its practical consequences are irreconcilable with common decency. No theory of a University, however carefully devised to shield vested interests from disturbance, can explain away an educational institution whose drones have 2000*l.* a-year, at the same time that its workers are paupers and parents of paupers. Trinity College, though respectably ancient, is modern as compared with Oxford or Cambridge. The purposes of its Foundress are clearly declared; and they are besides consistent with modern views of education. It becomes, therefore, quite impossible to manufacture an apology for abuses which have long kept Trinity behind its sister institutions in England, clogged though they are by much more archaic laws, and which will now prevent it from receiving any permanent stimulus from the genial influences which are beginning to revivify all ancient foundations. It may even be that the phase of activity through which Trinity, like Oxford and Cambridge, is now passing, will be productive of more harm than good, if its permanent revenues are not more equitably distributed. One of the best results of an endowment is its effect in keeping the teaching staff of a College aloof from all sordid considerations, and in enabling them to conduct education

on fixed and solid principles. Trinity College, Dublin, of which the students are younger than those of the English Universities, has recently exerted itself to train a certain class of them for the minor competitive examinations in England. In this undertaking it has had considerable success, and indeed it cannot have been difficult for the eminent staff of Trinity to beat the imperfect mathematical departments of the English Public and Private Schools, if it chose to enter into rivalry with them. We are informed, however, that the ultimate result has not been satisfactory. While the competitive candidates have generally carried everything before them at Woolwich, many of those elected from Trinity have stopped completely short, proving quite unequal to subjects of knowledge unconnected with pure mathematics. This looks very much as if some stupidish lads had been very dexterously and assiduously crammed for a particular examination. Whether an attempt which (if really made) would be somewhat ignoble, is at all connected with the nearly exclusive dependence of the Fellows of Trinity on the profits of tuition, we cannot say; but, at all events, there are sufficient grounds independently for inviting the attention of Parliament to an institution which appears to need amendment quite as much as Oxford, and much more than Cambridge.

THE WHIGS AND THE LIBERALS.

THAT any merely party Government likely, at this moment, to be constructed on the fall of the present Administration, would be in a weak and precarious position, we take to be as certain as anything well can be. The motions of Lord SHAFTESBURY and Mr. CARDWELL have not arisen out of any concerted action of the Liberal party which commands the majority of the House of Commons. They have been privately framed by a little *clique* at Cambridge House, whose exclusiveness and jobbery have given such great and just offence to the party on whose support they chiefly rely. The manner in which this matter has been handled is, in fact, only a fresh proof how incurable and incorrigible is the narrowness of the political spirit which governs the Whig *coterie*. Sunday was spent at Cambridge House in devising the means of effecting a *coup d'état* calculated to secure the return to office of the old set with the old system, and with only just as much modification as might stave off popular disgust for the moment. This sort of private enterprise, however, offers very little prospect of public support. After the profound and well-merited distrust with which the late Whig Cabinet has inspired the Liberal party, nothing but a full and fair recognition of former grievances, with a thorough understanding as to the principles on which the Government is for the future to be conducted, can afford any reasonable hope of stability and cordial support. With the small cunning of men who supply by adroitness the absence of political conviction, the Whigs may believe it possible once more to muzzle the independence of the Liberal party by buying off, here and there, an opponent with the promise of a small place. It is rumoured that in several instances the bargain has been already struck. Nothing is more amusing than the contemptuous cynicism with which it is announced that the discontented Liberals are to be "made safe" by tossing them a few Treasury crumbs under the table of a Whig Cabinet; but, of course, it remains to be seen whether they are deserving of the disdain with which the gentlemen who claim their allegiance as of right think it proper to treat them. The truth is, that nothing gives a politician so little weight or influence in the promotion of his own principles as the acceptance of a subordinate office under a Cabinet over whose action he has no control, and of whose policy he is left in total ignorance. We hear bitter reproaches vented against the Liberal party for making a Liberal Government impossible. There might be some ground for the complaint if the option of a Liberal Government had ever been offered to them. But what they really resist—and what, for our part, we believe, after recent experience, they are quite right to resist—is the restoration of a Whig Cabinet without conditions. To aid in such a revival would only be to ensure a repetition of treachery to the principles they profess, and to open the way for a policy which is alien to their sympathies and fatal to their cause.

There are some people who are simple enough to believe that a marvellous conversion has been effected, and that the lesson which has been recently read to Lord PALMERSTON and his friends will have produced all the reformation which

is to be desired. It is true SENECA learnt Greek at seventy; and therefore there can be no absolute reason why Lord PALMERSTON, even at his age, should not betake himself to the study of Liberal principles. But it is rarely safe to calculate on the permanence of these rapid conversions. We all know how a certain elderly gentleman, being sick, determined on taking the cowl, but on his recovery he changed his mind. If the penitence is to be permanent, it would probably be safer to prolong for some time the indisposition. As it happens, however, we altogether fail to discover the symptoms of this assumed sick-bed repentance. Indeed, the whole secret history of the negotiations of the past week shows but too clearly that what was in contemplation was only a project for restoring the old men and the old system.

That the Liberal party should be unwilling to lend their aid to such a scheme, shows both their sincerity and their wisdom. They know well enough that merely to displace the existing Government at this moment would, without security for the future, be to throw themselves helplessly under the feet of the Whigs, who are ready to march back into office with the same insolent contempt as before of the party they profess to lead, and of the principles they pretend to uphold. The real measure of the repugnance of the Liberal party to such a result is the toleration which they have been ready to extend to such an Administration as that of Lord DERBY. At present, at all events, they can make their voice heard and their influence felt. Under a Whig Government, they are consigned to silence and contempt; but by steadfastly maintaining their own principles, they have a fair prospect of compelling that recognition of their existence and their claims which they are entitled to enforce. The patricians may rail as they please at the secession to the Aventine, but when they find that they have to cobble their own shoes and bake their own bread, they will have to make terms with the plebeians whom they have hitherto insulted and oppressed. Whatever, therefore, may be the result of the debates on the conduct of the Ministry with respect to India and Lord CANNING, we sincerely trust that independent Liberals will not commit themselves to any Government which fails to give them satisfactory guarantees that their principles and policy will be efficiently carried out.

THE INDEPENDENT PARTY IN FRANCE.

AT the beginning of the present year, we ventured to predict that it would not close without seeing the cause of liberty resume its progress in France under cover of that semblance of free institutions which the Empire had found it prudent to leave to a high-spirited and freshly enslaved people. Our prediction has already been, in some measure, fulfilled. The measures of repression, indeed, to which the alarm of the Government, after the crime of the 14th of January, led it to resort—disgraceful as they were to the code of a nation which had once possessed a government the guardian of liberty and the servant of the law—were passed with a faint murmur of disapproval by a compliant Legislature, and no voice was raised in the land of MIRABEAU and LAFAYETTE to denounce the arbitrary arrests and deportations which ensued. But the enormous expenses incident to a despotism founded on arms, espionage, and various forms of largess, have raised the only issue which even the arbitrary Tudors dared not to try with the people who resigned every other privilege of freedom, and saw, without emotion, the scaffold of tyranny streaming with noble blood. Taxation has created an Opposition in the French Chambers; and French liberty seems likely to recover life and energy by touching the homely soil from which English liberty first took its birth. An independent party, not contemptible in number, has been drawn together in the Legislative Body by common resistance to the coarsest, perhaps, but not the least significant of the consequences in which misgovernment betrays its presence to a nation; and the triumph of the independent candidates over the Ministerialists in two out of the three elections which have just taken place in Paris, shows that a corresponding spirit is still alive in the nation.

The political capacity and the political aspirations of the French people at large were miserably miscalculated by the founders of the Republic of 1848—if, indeed, miscalculation is not too dignified a term to be applied to that reckless and headlong plunge into the unknown. A moment's reflection would have assured anything but fanaticism or egotism that

the French nation had never passed through the training or received the organization necessary to enable them to support institutions which demand, in order to give them vitality, a general diffusion of political life and intelligence through the whole body of the people. The Provinces, and especially the rural part of them, had in fact never undergone any practical education in the work of self-government. The centralized and essentially bureaucratic administration of LOUIS QUATORZE had been continued in a still more stringent form by the Convention, by the Directory, by the first Empire. Nor had it been discarded by the Restoration, either under the elder or under the younger branch. The vital parts of the institutions of NAPOLEON were retained by the side of a Constitutional system which it was vainly hoped would live and thrive without that broad basis of local self-government in which the roots of every Constitutional system must be struck. The ORLEANS dynasty was an Empire with freedom of speech. Its prefects were the Napoleonic prefects. Its army was the Napoleonic army. The system of interference with local affairs, with private education, with private enterprise, was the Napoleonic system. Its Chambers were practically not very far removed from a Napoleonic Senate, in which, instead of commanding the whole body by nomination, the Government commanded a standing majority by means of the immense patronage which the system of centralization placed in its hands. Perfect liberty of speech was undoubtedly a great benefit, and one which widely distinguished the Orleanist from the Napoleonic Empire. But liberty of speech without constant political action will not form citizens capable of maintaining, by their civil qualities, institutions which must rest on those qualities alone. Agitated by the Encyclopedists, by ROUSSEAU and the salons of LOUIS XV., without being trained and corrected in the school of political action, the intellect of France had produced the noble but chimerical aspirations which ended in the frenzy of the first Revolution. Agitated by the Tribune and the Press of the Restoration, without being trained and corrected in the school of local government, the intellect of France again became fruitful in aspirations equally chimerical, one of which, raised by a freak of fortune to power, was the ephemeral Republic of 1848. The founders of that Republic appealed to universal suffrage for authority to open a new era. The universal suffrage to which they appealed was that of the peasant soldiers of NAPOLEON with the priesthood of LOUIS QUATORZE. Those who were to be associated in the establishment of a Utopia had never voted for a rate.

But if the Republicans exaggerated the forces on which they had to rely, the Imperialists may perhaps have fallen into a similar error. The convulsions of 1848 may have reconciled France to a temporary compression of dangerous elements, but they have not perhaps reconciled her to the permanent loss of her position among free and progressive nations. Exhaustion is not death—disappointment is not despair. If the effervescence caused by the refusal of the Orleans Government to grant Parliamentary Reform was not a desire for the permanent overthrow of the monarchy, neither may the revulsion caused by the acts of the Provisional Government and the days of June have been a desire for the permanent overthrow of free institutions. It is one thing to acquiesce in a Dictatorship—it is another to sink down for ever under an hereditary despotism. The last seventy years, with all their crimes and disasters, have not passed without creating among the educated classes in France a desire for political progress which does not easily die, and a political morality which rebels against a government of Antonies. There remains also the stimulating example of other free nations in constant intellectual and commercial intercourse with France. We need not underrate the magic influence exercised on the army by the name of NAPOLEON, or the overwhelming support which the army while it remains Imperialist will lend to a despotic throne. Now that M. GUIZOT has fairly seen the consequences of the restoration of the military system of NAPOLEON by Marshal St. CYR, he may perhaps understand better than he appears to have done at the time the real import of that measure to the institutions which both he and St. CYR were desirous to perpetuate. But, after all, French soldiers are Frenchmen, and now that their defeat by the Republicans of 1848 has been amply avenged, they may in time learn to dislike the name and office of pretorians. Arcola and Marengo have their memories as well as Austerlitz. By addresses, by names, by St. Helena medals, by perpetual citations of the sayings and doings of the FIRST CONSUL and the EMPEROR,

the Napoleonic sentiment has been stimulated to the utmost. But sentiments so stimulated are soon exhausted. An artificial enthusiasm cannot long support a Government. Even CROMWELL in all his glory failed to force Puritanism on the mind of England; and LOUIS NAPOLEON will probably fail in the same manner to force Bonapartism on the mind of France. It is not elevated and spiritual enthusiasm alone that, if artificially cultivated, is feeble and short-lived. Every step which France makes in intelligence and morality will remove her further from the worship of a divinity whose real claim to adoration is his success in buccaneering wars.

The moral is, that French Liberals ought to persevere in the course of action which has been now commenced, to foster the growth of the independent party which has been formed in the Legislature, and to resist the encroachments of the Executive on points, like that of taxation, which are appreciated by the body of the people. This is the course by which in England the Tudor despotism has been gradually converted into the constitutional monarchy of the present day. Such a line of conduct, aiming at the modification not the overthrow of the Imperial institutions, and involving a recognition of the present legality of the Empire, though by no means of the morality of its origin, is repugnant to the feelings of those whose indignation is still burning at the *attentat* of 1851. We have already spoken our mind upon this point in exhorting the French Liberals not to stand aloof from the recent elections to the Legislative Body. Political affairs are very different from morality or religion. Expediency is their law; and in them submission to circumstances is not only legitimate, but a duty. To resist to the utmost an unjust usurpation is incumbent on every good citizen. But when the usurpation is consummated, its guilt must remain, as assuredly it does remain, with the usurpers; while patriots must bend to it almost as they would to a disastrous occurrence in the physical world, and endeavour to mitigate its consequences in the interest of their country. To accept the offices or the favours of the authors of the *coup d'état* is undoubtedly a humiliation which an honourable Liberal would decline, and by consenting to which he would transfer his moral support from the independent to the despotic side of things. But to take a seat as an independent member in the Legislative Body, and to raise a voice there in defence of the national honour and interests, is to serve not the Empire, but France. No Liberal thinks himself dishonoured by taking advantage of the remnant of a free press which is as much or as little an Imperial concession as the remnant of free institutions. We know what LOUIS NAPOLEON and his associates are and have done; but we deprecate as puerile and useless a perpetual rebellion, active or passive, against a dominion which has been once firmly established. The threat, however expressed, of new convulsions will excuse and facilitate new measures of repression, which the body of the people will evidently bear with tameness. But if the course of constitutional effort is persevered in with a constant regard to those questions and interests, however material and even coarse in the eyes of theorists, which are really appreciated by the nation, the son of NAPOLEON III. will scarcely ascend a despotic throne.

INDIAN TELEGRAPHS.

THE occurrences of the past week have unhappily illustrated but too clearly the enormous dangers that we incur for want of telegraphic communication with India, by which we might preserve some sort of harmony between the authorities in London and in Calcutta. Even if the perfection of wisdom were embodied in the Board of Control, it would certainly fail to rule India satisfactorily without a perfect understanding with the GOVERNOR-GENERAL; and Lord ELLENBOROUGH, not being the perfection of wisdom, could not be expected to succeed in the attempt. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the necessity of governing India in India itself, the tendency of late years has been to increase the control and supervision of the Home authorities at the expense of the local Government. That this disposition would be still further developed by the favourite nostrum of "a responsible Indian Minister" cannot be doubted, and the portentous error which has just been committed ought to be regarded as a warning of the impossibility of conducting the administration of a distant country so peculiar as India by the machinery of an office in

London. While the Minister at home and the Governor at Calcutta are at cross-purposes, we must always be prepared to see a policy which has been actually adopted stultified by the publication of an official condemnation. There will never be any security against the perpetual recurrence of misunderstandings calculated to thwart all attempts at a consistent and systematic policy. The constant meddling of the Home Government with the Indian Executive is an evil which is likely to increase rather than to diminish; and all that we can do is, perhaps, to cast about for expedients by which to mitigate consequences that cannot be altogether avoided. Under the most favourable circumstances, we do not believe that a Secretary of State for India, impressed with the notion that that magnificent empire is entrusted to his undivided authority, will ever succeed in avoiding the most lamentable mistakes. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, partly from his *prestige* as an ex-Governor-General, and partly from his peculiar temperament and the blind confidence of his colleagues, has assumed the independent tone of an absolute Minister rather than the more limited pretensions to which we have been accustomed at the Board of Control. There has been no throwing the reins on the necks of the Directors with him. He is the type of the system which the House of Commons is so eager to introduce, and his short career has exhibited the sort of fruits which the so-called responsible Government of India is likely to produce.

It is strange that those who are most bent on exalting the power of the Minister for India should have shown themselves so indifferent as they have done to the means of rapid communication by which alone the influence of English Cabinets and Parliaments can be brought to bear on the details of Indian administration, without leading to perilous inconsistency and weakness. The more the Home Government meddles, the greater risk there is in every delay. So long as it takes three months to send a despatch and obtain an answer, it is madness to interfere further with a Governor-General than by dictating the general principles on which he is to shape his policy. To forbid acts which will be executed before the condemnation can be known, may gratify the vanity of a Minister, but can work nothing but ruin to the empire whose rulers are divided against themselves. If we should rashly determine to centralize all power in the Cabinet, and make the Governor-General a mere subordinate official, we ought surely to be careful to secure the means of transmitting the decrees of the Minister in England to his agent in Hindostan. A telegraphic connexion between London and Calcutta would at least prevent such unhappy complications as the rashness of Lord ELLENBOROUGH has just produced. His apology for having publicly condemned Lord CANNING without waiting to hear the reasons which might justify the proclamation, was founded on the delay which would have been the inevitable result. "How," he exclaimed, "could he communicate with India by electric telegraph?" Had that been possible, our policy, whether right or wrong, would at least have been single and consistent. Either the GOVERNOR-GENERAL would have convinced the Home authorities, or he would have yielded to their commands; and we should not have exhibited our Government to the refractory natives of India as condemning its own proclamations, and publicly impugning its own justice and good faith. We have dwelt repeatedly on the risks that were run for want of the means of instantaneous communication with India, but we never anticipated so grievous an illustration as this affair of Lord ELLENBOROUGH's despatch has afforded.

Had the Government chosen to permit the Board of Directors to carry out their own decision on the subject, we should now, in all human probability, have had a continuous wire from the Board of Control to the GOVERNOR-GENERAL's Palace in Calcutta, and Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's camp in Onda. It is true that the chief blame in the matter rests with the late, rather than the present Ministry; but, for some unaccountable reason, the same obstructiveness which has delayed the enterprise for more than two years is still exhibited, and we seem to be no nearer the actual execution of the work than we were on the day when the firman for the purpose was granted by the Porte. What makes the neglect of so important an undertaking the more unpardonable is that it is accompanied by the most explicit acknowledgments of the value of telegraphic communication. Ever since the idea was first broached, the Government has professed to desire its accomplishment; but it has effectually prevented it, by giving its encouragement exclusively to those schemes

which, if practicable at all, were, at any rate, incapable of immediate execution. Three routes of telegraph from Alexandria to Kurrachee have been projected at different times. Two of these came into existence in 1854 or 1855. The course of one was across the Isthmus of Suez, and thence, by a series of submarine cables, along the Red Sea and the coast of the Indian Ocean to Kurrachee. The other proposed to traverse Mesopotamia from Seleucia to Bussorah, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and to connect that point with India by a submarine line. The Turkish Government gave its authority for the Red Sea line, but refused to permit an English Company to attempt the construction of a telegraph across the wild country lying between the coast of Asia Minor and the Persian Gulf. The one plan being practicable, and its execution being guaranteed by English contractors, our Government bestowed its support exclusively on the other, which the Turks had rejected, and which has since been definitively abandoned. The Porte has recently started the third project—namely, a telegraph from Constantinople to Bussorah, which it proposes to construct for its own purposes; and the Persian Gulf scheme has now been revived, as a continuation of the line which the Turks talk of making. The possibility of erecting and maintaining a line through the Koord and Arab country between Bagdad and Bussorah, is a question which remains to be solved; but the apathy of the Turkish Executive is too well known to leave much doubt on any one's mind that the work will, at any rate, not be completed for years. When it is done, the control of all messages that may take that route will be in the hands of the Ottoman Government. Such being the recommendations of the plan, the old policy is said to have been pursued, and the doubtful and remote prospect of the Bagdad-Bussorah Telegraph is made the excuse for not adopting a line which can be laid within less than a year from the day when the approval of Government is signified.

If the question were really one of choice between competing projects, there would be nothing to be said but that a bad selection had been made; but as we cannot safely trust to one line through the least civilized part of the semi-barbarous Turkish Empire, it is inconceivable why Government persists in rejecting a scheme which would ensure the great desideratum of early telegraphic communication with India. It would have been worth far more than the cost of the whole line, to have prevented the mischievous conflict between the proclamation of Lucknow and the despatch which will soon be read by its side in every village of Oude. Perhaps we are destined to see a few more such untoward events before we shall have a Government alive to the vital importance of this subject; but what we rather anticipate is, that by the end of next year, when the Red Sea firman will have expired, England will begin to move in an enterprise which will then be no longer within her power.

MR. LAYARD ON INDIA.

LEUTENANT HOLMAN is said to have learned more about the world than any other traveller, because he saw nothing. It by no means follows that mere personal presence on historic scenes gives a man a better judgment as to the events of history than may be formed by a distant student. A traveller might go to the moon and know less about lunar geography than astronomers can tell him; and the most misleading and false estimates of our own country, our manners, and our institutions, are constantly made by foreigners who come over for a few weeks for the express purpose of learning all about us. M. Jules Janin, who visited us in the Exhibition Year, wrote the most ridiculous book about London society. The saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing—a saying often misapplied—is most true about travellers, who go to a country with malice prepense to learn all about it. To be on the spot is generally to be in the very worst place for getting at social facts and national character. Mr. Layard went out to India with the fixed and definite purpose of finding out for himself the real causes of the mutiny—he went out for two or three months to pick up intelligence on the spot, and from people of the very best information. He associated with natives to get at the native feeling. That he has brought nothing back was only what a wise man—and Mr. Layard is only a very clever one—might have anticipated from such a journey, undertaken in such a spirit, for such a purpose. He was precisely the man to fail. All India had heard of him, and was prepared accordingly. It was everybody's business to get Mr. Layard to adopt his private views and speculations, with the certainty that they would be well published in England. Mr. Layard went out to be crammed, and was crammed accordingly. In the present circumstances of India, or rather in the India of the last six months—with the mutiny in full swing, with everybody's passions and prejudices excited—when it was everybody's interest to conceal something, or to drag something else into

undue prominence—when the whole atmosphere, political and social, was charged with conflicting elements and suffused with false lights and disturbing media—truth would have been inaccessible even to an angel. Every inquirer must, from the nature of the case, be misled under such circumstances, and it was the business of all India, collectively and individually, to mislead. The time was one in which it was impossible to get at the rights of the story, and Mr. Layard has special disqualifications for getting at the truth. He is a notable, and people are always, though not always maliciously, playing false with notables. What chance would a duke have of getting at the real American character, if it were announced throughout the Union that his Grace of Fitzbattelaxe was touring through the States with the express object of publishing a book or delivering a lecture in London about American institutions? Add to this the peculiarity of Oriental manners. Mr. Layard is an inquisitive man. He goes to India to collect information with book and pencil in hand—he asks all sorts of people all sorts of questions, on all sorts of subjects, on every one of which he has a leading prejudice. It is the characteristic of an Oriental never to acknowledge ignorance of anything, and never to contradict, or to give an unpleasant or inconvenient answer to a querist. The distinguished foreigner and Special Correspondent are the very men to be hoaxed and misled, and India at the present moment is the very place where it is everybody's business to fly *canards* and to sell political bargains.

That Mr. Layard's recent lecture tells either absolutely nothing—or rather asserts much, and proves nothing—that it is a bundle of inconsistencies, and only re-states his own foregone conclusions—is just what might have been expected. We fully acquit him of the intention to mislead. We believe in his entire honour and candour, but he was not the man to learn about India. India, as we have said, is not at present capable of displaying its real character; and Mr. Layard did not set about his work in the right way. The two unprotected females who went to the Upper Ganges for a spree had about equal time and opportunities for getting into the depths and crannies of the Indian mind; and, while we can trust Mr. William Russell for a very accurate account of the colour of an Indian plain, and the swirl of a Paddy-field, he and his friend Mr. Layard are the very last people to unravel the enigma of the causes of the recent mutiny. Mr. Layard has his own private and personal disqualifications for the task. He parades them. He sets out by boasting that he is not a man of vulgar facts and statistics. "He hated figures, and detested averages." But of what is a nation made up but these detestable figures and hateful averages? On the very same page of the *Times* which contains "Mr. Layard on India," we find a curious synopsis headed "Statistics of the United Kingdom." A traveller studying England cannot dispense with his Porter and McCulloch. If Mr. Layard had condescended to inquire into the population, the habits, and the institutions of India—the proportion which classes bore to each other—the effects of trade and agriculture on social happiness and customs—in a word, if he had applied to India Mr. Laing's patient method and searching analysis, he would have earned a right to address an audience more discriminating than that which assembled on Tuesday in St. James's Hall. If, as he tells us, the causes of the rebellion are remote and multifarious, the investigation into them must be tedious, dull, dry, and continuous. It involves the very sort of work which he sneers at.

But rejecting figures and averages—in other words, facts—Mr. Layard goes at once to the native gentlemen. We are not informed whether any question—still less a leading one—was put; but here is the first answer given to his first query by "almost the first native gentleman that he met in India." At his very first spade-thrust, he was lucky enough to get at the root of the whole matter. We should like to know the native gentleman whom a Providential arrangement threw at once into Mr. Layard's confidence. The natives rebelled, it seems, because the Government has become immoral and unjust, especially in the matter of annexation. "While the English Government was just and honest, God gave them prosperity; but when the Government became unjust and severe, God afflicted them with adversity, which generated discontent and rebellion." Providence has interfered against us, because Providence disapproves of the annexation of Oude. Was the native gentleman an Avatar of Spurgeon? This means—to say nothing of the odd religious view of Providence (or, in the native gentleman's sense, Brahma) winking at or approving the policy of Clive and Hastings, and frowning on that of Dalhousie—that all India acquiesces in conquests and annexations of a hundred, of fifty, of thirty, and of ten years' standing, but is goaded into rebellion by the events of the five years from 1851 to 1856. Now we will venture to say that this is an English, not an Indian, hypothesis. The Manchester mark is on it. The Indian mind might very reasonably be disturbed by the fact that the whole Peninsula was absorbed by British rule; and it is quite conceivable that patriotic feelings long slumbering might at last be awakened. History has presented many instances of this. But it is contrary to human nature for a nation, during a whole century, to welcome a series of conquests and annexations, and at last to break out into rebellion on a single and consistent instance of a uniform policy. To say that India had all along fretted under the conqueror's yoke and at length resolved to break it, may be true, and is, at any rate, conceivable. But to say that the single act of the annexation of

Oude made all the difference between morality and immorality—that the system which was possibly just and honest up to 1857 then suddenly changed its character and became hateful to God and man—and that this change was instantly and universally appreciated by the common intelligence of universal India—is preposterous. We doubt whether a single Indian gentleman follows Providence and Mr. Layard in this distinction between Hastings and Dalhousie.

Mr. Layard is not more fortunate in his facts than in his theories. "Why," he asks, "did not Government raise a single native regiment to put down the mutiny?" What, we ask, are the Sikh and Scinde regiments? What are the Ghoorkas? What are the contingents which assisted at the capture of Delhi and Lucknow? The question is meant to imply that Government had not the confidence of the people, because, on the outbreak of the rebellion, it did not proceed to drill raw recruits; but the very same argument would prove that the rebels had not the confidence of the country. Why did not the mutineers raise new native forces? for we are not aware that a single new regiment was trained and embodied by them. The answer in either case is the same—because the military authorities had something else to do. Their hands were sufficiently full without sending out recruiting sergeants.

But, besides the annexation of Oude, Mr. Layard assigns another cause for the mutiny. He dwells on our interference with native usages, especially instancing the law of inheritance and the marriage of widows. And here he betrays his purpose of prophesying smooth things to the English people, and falling in with popular prejudices, at the very moment when he is producing inconvenient facts which run counter to those prejudices. Mr. Layard has to sail with two opposite currents. In England, one sets in favour of additional encouragement to missions—in India, he finds dissatisfaction with the natural, reasonable, and inevitable results of missions. His aim is to reconcile the two; and the device is curious and ingenious. He sees in India general discontent arising from the change in the law of inheritance and the permission given to widows' marriages; but these are the choicest triumphs of the missionary. The platforms boast of them, and desire to see them increased, because they are the natural results of missions. What says Mr. Layard? That the missionaries personally are most popular, but that the consequences of their labours form one of the chief causes of the mutiny. "He never heard a missionary labourer assigned as a cause of the outrage," but he does know that legislative changes made in the direction of English and Christian ideas have led to the mutiny. We are invited to believe that the natives delight in the cause but detest the effect—rejoice in the instrument but abhor the work—respect and are pleased with the missionary, but mutiny against the consequences of his preaching. Does Mr. Layard seriously mean that the natives like Christianity so long as nothing comes of it, and that the right thing for us at home is to give every facility and scope to missions on the understanding that nobody is converted, because conversions lead to inconvenient results? Or does he mean to say that it is possible to Christianize India, which he hopes and prays for, and still to prohibit all interference with the native institutions of inheritance and widows' marriages? Does he recommend a Christianity which shall allow its converts to offer the old Indian sacrifices, and so to preserve the old Indian notion of adoption—interference with which, in his opinion, has all but lost us our empire? This view, at any rate, was not the result of inquiries at the fountain head. This did not come from a native gentleman. It is a clear bid for Exeter Hall and the traditionary policy at the same time; but it could never have emanated from Mr. Layard's deeply meditating Benares acquaintances. In another case, his suggestions betray the Manchester market more palpably than the speculations of the indigenous mind. The future of India Mr. Layard aspires in a golden reign of representative government, when Buddhists, Hindoos, Mahometans, and half-castes are to govern India in India, and by India. In other words, he means to say that, in the course of his investigations, he has discovered a body of intelligent Indian Constitutionalists, who are sighing for the posts of Honourable Members for Benares and Allahabad; and that he and they look forward to the day of Indian regeneration, when the West Riding of Oude shall return its three representatives to the Calcutta House of Assembly. Travellers see strange things; but a stranger monster than the Bulls of Nineveh is the Mofossulite De Lolme whom Mr. Layard has disinterred.

Mr. Layard, we believe, has mistaken his positive discoveries—he has invested his own presumptions and certain British theories with an Indian dress. We cannot find fault with his negative testimony—we quite follow him when he speaks of what he has not discovered. "After the most vigilant investigation, he had not been able to find out one authenticated case of mutilation:" a fact which we respectfully submit to Lord Shaftesbury's notice.

FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

IT has become a commonplace remark that their own country is that part of the world of which travelling Englishmen know least; and the observation is probably not more false than paradoxes usually are. It is certain that a large proportion of those who can afford a summer holiday prefer, not unna-

turally, to get as much change and excitement as they can. Rapidly as a superficial similarity is extending over Europe under the influence of railways, the mere sound of foreign languages, and the sight of unfamiliar features in men and in nature, must always make travelling abroad a very real, very great, and very harmless luxury for those who have time and money for the purpose. As, however, these requisites are not always at hand, it may not be uninteresting to point out the manner in which those whose days or pounds are too few for Italy or Switzerland may find some sort of substitutes for them at home. It has always appeared to us that the most fascinating chapter in Lord Macaulay's History is that in which he describes the external appearance of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is not without a feeling of regret, which we cannot allow to be unphilosophical, that we read of the vast moors and fens in which assembled flocks of cranes and wild geese, the wide heaths over which bustards wandered, and were chased with greyhounds, and the open downs where were to be seen huge fen eagles, nine feet long across the wings. The existence of such features of natural scenery was, no doubt, inconsistent with our modern wealth; but though their disappearance was inevitable, it may be regretted. It would be a great evil if the whole of the country were to become a workshop or a model farm. And we hope that our readers will sympathize sufficiently with our own taste to be pleased at hearing, that all our playgrounds are not yet ploughed up, and that if they know where to look for them, they may find, within two or three hours' distance from London, heaths, downs, forests, and moors, not essentially different from those of which Lord Macaulay has written the epitaph, and, in some points of view hardly less attractive to holiday makers—especially to those who possess that very moderate degree of activity which leads them to use their own legs on such occasions—than the more expensive and distant beauties of the Continent.

In comparatively modern times the whole of the Southern counties must have been one of the wildest parts of England. On looking at the map it will be observed that there are in England three principal systems of hills—the Northern, the Welsh, and the Southern. Of the two first we need not speak, but the Southern group consists of three branches which radiate towards the East and North from their origin in Dorsetshire. The northernmost of the three runs across the Southern part of the Midland Counties, crossing the Oxford road at Stoken Church, and the North Western railway near Tring—forming the Gog Magog, well known to all Cambridge men—and finally passing into Suffolk. The centre branch, part of which is very confused, consists of the Wiltshire and Hampshire chains, and of that long and well-marked range of hills which runs from Petersfield through Farnham, Guildford, Dorking, and Reigate, into the North of Kent. The southernmost branch runs along the coast (occasionally retreating to a considerable distance inland) almost the whole way from Plymouth to Dover. Those who are only accustomed to the railroads and the great highways would be surprised to learn what a vast quantity of open country is still to be found amongst these hills, and the commons which border them. Free-trade has no doubt converted thousands of acres of sheepwalks into arable land, and the railways have scattered villas and enclosures over no small proportion of the heaths which border the South Western Railway. But though it may no longer be true that a man may ride seventy miles out of London from one common to another, and though we fear that Stonehenge will soon ornament nothing more impressive than a cornfield, it is still possible for Londoners to rid themselves for days together, at a very moderate expense of time and trouble, of everything which can recall not only the business of life, but, we might almost say, the existence of their fellow-creatures.

To take one out of many illustrations, let us direct our attention to the country between Southampton and Weymouth. The two towns may perhaps be sixty miles apart, and the whole space between them is occupied by a succession of districts as beautiful and as solitary as anything that the most jaded of us could wish to see. The prosperity of Southampton is indisputably but unpleasantly attested by interminable suburbs, which, in the direction of Redbridge and Eling, are certainly not less than from five to six miles in length. By a judicious use of the railroad, this impediment may be overcome; and, on descending at the Redbridge station, the passenger will find himself within a mile of the very heart of the New Forest. If he has not a very sluggish imagination, he may pass in a moment from the days of Queen Victoria to those of William Rufus. The railway will drop out of sight after a very few minutes' walk; and for miles round, the face of the country is covered by woods and moors, as wild and as open as the most enthusiastic walker could wish them to be. From Redbridge to Beaulieu can hardly be less than eight or nine miles, and the whole road lies through thickets of oak, traversed by green rides, or across moors in which the black soil is hardly covered by the stunted heath which is its only production, and where no living creature is to be seen except peewits. In many parts of the forest there are magnificent glades, bordered by oaks of a larger growth than those which are to be found in the thickets. The timber is interspersed with plenty of underwood, principally hazel and holly. Here and there are bogs, and brooks which, though they give animation to the scenery, cannot be admired for their purity. They generally show pretty clearly the nature of the

soil through which they have run. Though every part of the New Forest is traversed by roads, there is no obligation to keep upon them; and by the exercise of a very trifling but not unamusing ingenuity, it is perfectly easy to walk for hours over country which looks as lonely as the wildest moor in the Highlands.

It is very difficult to look at the New Forest without feeling inclined to question the justice of the popular opinion about the devastations laid to the charge of William the Conqueror. An immense proportion of the ground is utterly worthless for any purpose whatever, even in the present day. Large tracts of it are more profitable as woodland than they would be in any other shape, and it is altogether inconceivable that it should ever have been otherwise than a very barren region. The whole population of England is supposed at the time of the Conquest to have been under rather than over 2,000,000, and it is impossible to suppose that when it was so thin elsewhere, it can have been dense in that particular spot. Besides this, it would not appear, from the best authorities upon the subject, that the Norman forests were mere wildernesses. We have a very curious and complete account of their organization in Manwood's work on the *Laws of the Forest*. Some of his authorities claim, truly or not, to be as ancient as the days of Canute. It is impossible not to infer from many parts of the book that the forests anciently supported a considerable population, for there was a complete judicial and executive system for their especial use. The Courts of Swanmote and Justice Seat were attended by those who lived in the forest, much as the Courts Baron and Courts Leet were attended by the men of manors and hundreds. The various rights of agistment, pannage, and the like which are minutely specified, and the obligation under which the rangers were placed of making "drifts"—that is, of driving off all cattle depasturing in the forest—at certain periods of the year, imply the existence of a pretty numerous population, supported principally by cattle-breeding within the forest bounds. Indeed, some considerable part of the soil over which the King held forestal rights was—subject to those rights—the property of private persons. For these reasons, we should be inclined to suppose that the hardship inflicted by William the Conqueror consisted rather in the strictness and harshness of his system of forest administration than in a depopulation which would have been both needless and cruel, not to say impossible.

The New Forest only supplies part of the country available for the purpose of holiday-making. It is possible to traverse the whole interval between Christchurch and Weymouth—upwards of forty miles—without setting foot upon a road. A wild sandy heath, recently converted in a great measure into a pine wood, borders the whole of the coast from Christchurch to Poole Harbour, and between the wood and the sea are a range of open sandhills, loosely overgrown with thin herbage, but sufficiently raised above the sea to afford a splendid view over the whole of Studland Bay, from the Needles on the east to Studland Head on the west. The entrance to Poole Harbour lies about half-way between these points. Its width is about half a mile, and it opens into what is at high-water one of the most magnificent basins in Europe. In a commercial or naval point of view, its importance is trifling, as the water has but little depth; but, as far as mere beauty goes, it is certainly far superior to Portsmouth. It forms a sheet of water six or seven miles long and four or five broad, and shaped not unlike a mulberry leaf, the stalk representing the entrance, immediately in front of which lies Branksea Island, ornamented by the palace which, till his bankruptcy, attested the boundless wealth of the well-known Colonel Waugh. Nothing can be wilder or more strange than the long narrow spit of land, not two hundred yards across, but upwards of a mile long, which separates the haven from the sea—unless, indeed, it be the heath which stretches from the opposite side of the ferry, across the harbour's mouth, to the top of the downs five miles further on. These downs are part of the great chalk range to which we have already referred. They form at this point a loop, the ends of which rest upon the sea at Studland Head and Tineham respectively. Between these points they run inland in a singularly regular curve, one point of which may be as much as five or six miles from the sea. The smooth round line is broken by a double notch, as clear as if it had been cut by a knife, in the midst of which stands a sort of Mamelon surmounted by the ruins of Corfe Castle. There are few more beautiful spots in England. There is something almost voluptuous in the round, soft, and exquisitely regular outline of the fresh green turf downs; nor can anything be more pleasing than the contrast which is afforded to them by the long stretch of purple heather by which they are divided from Poole Harbour, the bright surface of the harbour itself, and the dark woods which overhang its eastern shore in the distance. Between Tineham and Weymouth the character of the scenery changes. The downs run straight into the sea, and their base has been worn away into cliffs at least 600 feet high in many places; and along their whole length these give refuge to thousands of gulls, cormorants, and crows of various kinds—inhabitable birds which hover over their visitors' heads at a convenient distance announcing, with sententious and monotonous caws, their conviction that he is destined to fall over the cliff and furnish them with a supper.

Such is a very faint outline of one of the playgrounds of which civilization has not yet deprived us. It is only one of a very considerable number. That "majestic range of mountains," as

White of Selborne did not disdain to call the Southdowns, offers abundance of charms even nearer London than those which we have been describing. We do not pretend to say what proportion of Surrey is still covered by heaths and heathy hills; but the quantity is by no means small, and if we indulge a hope that it may never be diminished, we can pray in aid no less an authority than Mr. J. S. Mill, with whose eloquent plea for the preservation of some of the greatest beauties of nature we must conclude:—

There is room in the world no doubt, and even in old countries, for an immense increase of population, supposing the arts of life to go on improving, and capital to increase. But although it may be innocuous, I confess I see very little reason for desiring it. The density of population necessary to enable mankind to obtain, in the greatest degree, all the advantages, both of co-operation and of social intercourse, has, in all the more populous countries, been attained. A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be kept perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is extirpated is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation, or of character, and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur, is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without. Nor is there much satisfaction in contemplating the world with nothing left to the spontaneous activity of nature, with every rood of land brought into cultivation which is capable of growing food for human beings, every flowery waste or natural pasture ploughed up, all quadrupeds or birds which are not domesticated for man's use exterminated as his rivals for food; every hedgerow or superfluous tree rooted out, and scarcely a place left where a wild shrub or flower could grow without being eradicated as a weed in the name of improved agriculture. If the earth must lose that great portion of its pleasantness which it owes to things that the unlimited increase of wealth and population would extirpate from it for the mere purpose of enabling it to support a larger, but not a better, or happier, population, I sincerely hope, for the sake of posterity, that they will be content to be stationary long before necessity compels them to do so.

YEH.

THE admirable series of letters which the Correspondent of the *Times* has sent from China, has closed with a most graphic and interesting sketch of Yeh, whom the writer accompanied on his passage from Canton to Calcutta. The portrait of the great Chinaman is as excellent as words can make it. His loathsome diet, his filthy apathy, his affected indifference to passing events, his interest in the gambols of the maddies, his retiring to sleep when India was first sighted, are brought skilfully together, until we know tolerably well the outside of the second man of the Chinese Empire. But something, although very little, also appears of his mind and thoughts. He discussed with the writer, and with other persons, on his own history, and on the philosophy, politics, and morality of his country. Our curiosity is, indeed, only excited to be baffled. There are a thousand questions which suggest themselves to which we can find no answer, and no hint of any. Still the conversation of Yeh gives us ground on which to raise some speculation as to the relations of Europe to China, and on the position which, as instructors and traffickers—let us hope not as conquerors—we shall be likely to hold with this wonderful section of the world which has for so many ages kept itself secluded.

First, then, Yeh's conversation would lead to the supposition that all our dealings with the Chinese, and all theirs with us, will be based on a purely intellectual calculation of relative strength. Yeh was anxious to have it understood that he had made preparations to defend Canton. He had done all in his power; he had not been careless of the future; he had not neglected any available means; his troops were quite willing to fight, but, practically, it was found that the fire of the English guns was so overwhelming that nothing could be done against it. Directly this result was appreciated by the intellect of Yeh and his colleagues, there was an end of resistance. No thought of moral heroism, of dying for his country, of a glorious end, seems to have crossed his mind. He proved to himself, mathematically, that he must fail, and then he had done with the business. He had not even sufficient sentiment to commit suicide—which is the true Chinese method of accepting defeat. Very probably this arose from the calculation that he could make his own terms, that he could prove himself in some way necessary to his captors, and that the game was not really up. This completely intellectual way of regarding events is something quite distinct from the mere absence of morality on certain heads. According to the Chinese standard, Yeh is said to be a moral man. Of course he lied. All Orientals lie, and several Christian nations nearly keep pace with them. But the purely intellectual method of calculating a course of action gets rid both of moral vices and moral virtues. And, supposing that Yeh is typical of his country we should have some very curious results. In proportion to the absolute submission with which a defeat would be accepted, would be the boundless confidence with which a turn of the chances would be seized as an occasion of resistance. The Chinese do not appear afraid. Give them our guns and they would fight us, not successfully, perhaps, but to the last moment that resistance would answer. So, too, we can never be sure what way we have made with them. They can estimate precisely what we have done. We cannot strike a panic into them as into the Hindoos, nor could we hope to attach them to us by moral superiority, as it is believed we have done with some of the nations of Hindostan. We should have perpetually to ascertain our own value in the market, and could not get a halfpenny more of respect, or obedience, or awe than we were really worth.

It is, indeed, only when civilization has established some sort of balance of power that even Christian nations are, to any considerable extent, guided by morality in their dealings with each other; and this extreme of intellectual calculation in the Chinese is quite compatible with a real moral feeling. Nor can we pick out great national crimes, or crimes in particular individuals, and say that morality is dead where such things are. Yeh owns to having killed 100,000 human beings—Louis XIV. ravaged the Palatinate. Yeh rather triumphed in having sentenced numbers to the severest punishments without proof or trial, except the assertion of Government spies. The process is going on daily in France at the present time. And the Chinese eat opium—so do the dwellers in the fen counties of England. The Chinese do not wash—nor do the foreign inhabitants of Leicester-square. How, then, do we prove the morality of France or England? By exceptional examples, and by the tradition in favour of morality prevalent in the country. But there is exactly the same tradition in China, and very much of the same kind. Yeh had one single standard by which to test all actions and solve all difficulties—viz., that such a thing was or was not the ancient custom of the country. This is the great creed of Toryism. Professor Wilson used to say, that all good men were Tories, and that Whiggism was only a casual aberration of the human mind. He believed, and thousands of persons believed with him, that to hold in some blind sort of way what was traditional and established, gave to the whole character a pervading and perennial spirit of morality. So that a Tory who got drunk was a fine fellow, while a Whig getting drunk was a beastly hog. Yeh thinks exactly the same, and is in many ways like a Tory of the days of the Regency. He is a Chinese Lord Eldon—practical, cunning, sincerely attached to his sacred books, impenetrable to Whig argument, indifferent to the cries of suitors, simply grunting when pressed into a corner, and yet writing the most elegant despatches, luminous, technical, and worthy of the pages of Vesey Junior. Such a man is not too hastily to be called a monstrosity.

But the real parallel to Yeh and to the Mandarins generally is to be found in the clerical diplomatists of the Middle Ages and of the Courts of the first great absolute sovereigns. Yeh tells us how he had reached the pinnacle of power. He had secured his entrance into the circle of high officialism by his success in his examinations. He explained in what this success consisted. He had been a wonderful adept in the five classical and four sacred books. To have distinguished himself in these was everything. He had filled the highest judicial positions, but knew no law—he had not even read the Chinese Code. All that part of his business he had left to secretaries. It was work below the intellect of a man who knew the books. Similarly, the bishops and cardinals were selected because they knew the logic of the schools and the Canon law. They were not tested in anything practical, but they were proficient in what was received as the exposition of the union of man's intellect with sacred things; and the difficulties to be surmounted, even if artificial, were sufficiently formidable to show that a mind that could surmount them had quickness and strength. Advanced to secular promotion, and appointed to carry on the business of the world, they exhibited a strange mixture of fondness for their old pursuits, an abiding belief that they had got hold of the right thing in the abstract, a real wish to push the cause with which their names were connected, with a businesslike shrewdness and flexibility in dealing with men, an indifference to means, and an admirably just appreciation of what lay within their powers. Yeh is just such a man, and the similarity is carried even to his language, for he told his English fellow voyagers that he could not speak Manchou, nor his native dialect of Hupeh, but only the Mandarin language spoken at Peking. This is like an English monk, who could not speak pure English or the Somersetshire dialect, but only Latin. On little things, too, the conduct of Yeh was curiously in keeping. The solemn humbug with which, on the entrance of the ship into the Hoogly, he declined looking at the shore, and on the interpreter asking what he thought of it, replied that he did not think about it at all,—yet, when he supposed every one to have gone away, climbed up and peered through the stern porta—was inimitable.

Yeh's conversation disclosed some of the great difficulties which Christian missionaries have to encounter when dealing with Orientals, and especially with Chinese. The Oriental mind is not a blank—it has a morality and a philosophy. And in China especially, educated men have a morality and philosophy, not without a sort of religious sentiment at the bottom of it, in which the leading notions of our system can be expressed, not accurately, perhaps, but so very nearly accurately, that the one phraseology slides into the other. We have our Taoi, and they have theirs. They have the distinction between unconditional existence and manifested Deity—they have the distinction between absolute and applied morality. They can say to our missionaries, "You offer us certain ideas; we have got them already." The reply might be, that the ideas, though apparently the same, are not really so. But it is exceedingly hard to prove this, and harder still to convince a defender of their identity that he is wrong. Accordingly, all genuine Orientals love to enter into a religious dispute. They like to go back to the first principles of all things, where any side of an argument may so easily be taken. We can estimate what is to be done when Orientals are to be converted, by supposing an enthusiast fresh

from Exeter Hall, being sent to prove to an Hegelian that "the In-and-for-itself" does not exist. Of course Christianity contains much more than morality and philosophy. It contains the record of a Divine life. But then this life may be looked at either historically or morally. So far as it is looked at historically, it lies as completely out of the pale of Eastern history as the life of an Eastern sage lies out of Western history. If it is looked at morally, it can be expressed in the language of the Taoi. The difficulty is so great that M. Huc, the most intelligent of religious travellers in China, fairly confessed that he was beaten by it. English missionaries are not likely to give way. The truth is great and will prevail. But before it can prevail, it is necessary that some definite notion should be obtained of what is to be done, and of the peculiar obstacles which bar the progress of Christianity in the East.

PRIVATE BILL LEGISLATION.

A GRIEVANCE is never in so hopeless a case as when it is universally acknowledged. So long as a sturdy conservative band insists that there is nothing to complain of, there is always a chance of battering them out of their position by the heavy artillery of facts; but when they surrender at discretion, and frankly admit all that is alleged, merely contending that no satisfactory remedy has been suggested, the tables are turned. The assailants are themselves besieged, and are put upon the task of defending an untried scheme against all the ingenious carping which imaginative opponents can invent. This is just the condition to which the question raised by Lord R. Cecil is reduced. No one disputes the utter unfitness of Parliamentary Committees to conduct the investigations which are now entrusted to their discretion. The charges brought against them are serious enough. Lord Robert says that they are incompetent, uncertain, unjust, and costly tribunals, and that their technical ignorance exposes them to be played upon by counsel in a way which no regularly constituted court would permit. On all these points judgment was allowed to go against them by default. Their stoutest defender, Lord Stanley, did not venture to meet one of these accusations by a direct denial; but, by some means or other, the House came, without a division, to the conclusion that it was impossible to do anything, and that it was part of the essential fitness of things that incompetency, uncertainty, injustice, expensiveness, and helpless ignorance, should always be the characteristics of the tribunals by which the fate of Private Bills, involving property to the extent of many millions, in every session, is to be determined.

It is hard to acquiesce in such a decision; and we do not believe that our Parliamentary Constitution is so unfortunate as to be unable to work in harmony with really judicial bodies capable of conducting in a satisfactory manner this important part of the duties now cast upon the members of the two Houses. Lord Robert Cecil deserves the thanks of all who are interested in Private Bill legislation—and who is not directly, or indirectly, affected by it?—for bringing the subject forward; and we hope he will persevere in pressing the reconsideration of the matter until an effectual remedy shall be provided.

The extent of this Private Bill business is so enormous, that it is impossible that it can long be allowed to go on in the style which is now in vogue. Since 1845, it has altogether outgrown the capabilities of the Committee system to deal with it. Last year was not a very active one in this respect, yet there were about 250 Bills, each of which had to be fought through two successive Committees before it could become law. In some years the number has reached almost 1000; and the amount of capital dealt with in the last fifteen or twenty years has exceeded 300,000,000*l.* Now, how is this business managed? The proceeding commences, after the regulations of the Standing Orders have been complied with, and the formal proceedings in the full House have been gone through, with the selection of the Committee. The process, as happily described by Lord Robert Cecil, consists first of "braining" the House, by extracting all the distinguished members who have any official or other prominent position in it. On one plea or another, the residuum is further deteriorated by relieving many of the most capable commercial members from duties which their private affairs prevent their duly performing. Having by these means got together about one half of the House, comprising all the loungers who join the House as they would join a Club, and all the respectabilities who are remarkable for nothing, the recruits of this promising squad are billeted on different Committee Rooms to deal with business which they do not understand, with the assistance of counsel who make no sparing use of the prejudices and inexperience of the tribunal before them. Some idea of the sort of practice which goes on in these Committees may be gathered from the fact that it is solemnly laid down in the practitioner's manuals that those leading counsel should be selected who are known to the members of the Committee. In place of dry argumentative power or telling eloquence, the quality sought out is the tact which can work upon the personal peculiarities of the members of the tribunal, and the audacity which will raise legal disputes on points of evidence which no one would dare to argue in a court in Westminster Hall. The weakness of the Committees is, after all, a less evil than their fluctuating and uncertain character. To go before a Committee

is like taking a ticket in a lottery. The principles upon which the five gentlemen in Committee Room No. 1 may act, are perhaps diametrically opposed to those which prevail in Committee Room No. 2; and the decisions of one session have no imaginable relation to those which were arrived at the year before, or which may be speculated on in the year to follow. All these evils would be obviated by constituting a regular permanent Court for the determination of the questions now referred to Committees of the House. The frightful expense of Parliamentary contests would also be greatly diminished by taking this obvious course. In the first place, there would be one contest instead of two. The professed object of the present system is to ascertain whether the proposed Private Bill is likely to be advantageous to the public; and when the question has been determined once by a competent tribunal, the parties ought to be spared the expense of further litigation. What can be more absurd than that the same inquiry should be gone through first before a Committee of the House of Commons, and then before a Committee of the House of Lords, with just so much variation as may be necessary to adapt the case to the different feelings with which the delegates of the two Houses may be expected to regard it? But it is needless to dwell upon the inconveniences of the present plan, or upon the certainty that a regular Court would remedy all, or nearly all, the evils complained of. This is admitted; and the only objections urged against the change are of that impalpable character which it is difficult to appreciate or to discuss. All that we can make out of Lord Stanley's argument is, that the duties of Committees are not, strictly speaking, judicial, and that it would be unconstitutional to delegate to any Court, however competent, an investigation which is of a quasi-legislative kind. These are just the objections with which all improvements in Parliamentary machinery may be met.

It is a mere verbal distinction to say that these inquiries are not judicial. In theory, the substantial part of the Report of a Committee is a mere declaration that the incorporation of a certain Company with certain powers, the construction of a particular Railway, or some other public work, would be for the advantage of the public. The preamble of every Private Bill contains an allegation that the carrying out of the proposed works will be for the public advantage. Any one who has an interest to the contrary may be heard to oppose the application; and the substantial part of the labour of the Committee is concluded when they have decided whether or not the preamble is proved. Practically, the question commonly resolves itself into a contest between rival bodies for the grant of a particular monopoly. A Railway Company desires to make a branch, and is opposed by another Company, which considers the projected line an encroachment on its territory, and on the implied rights which it has acquired by the concession of former privileges and the execution of existing works. What is this, in substance, but a judicial investigation into conflicting claims? It makes no difference that the rights asserted are dependent on implied principles of fairness and equity, which are supposed to govern the action of Parliament, and not on any express declarations of statute or common law. It is a question between private bodies and individuals having conflicting interests, and is as completely judicial in its character as any cause in a court of common law, and much more so than the bulk of the business of the Court of Chancery. Take another case of common occurrence. A railway is projected avowedly to compete with one already established. It is, of course, opposed tooth and nail by those who are already in possession. Is it to be allowed? Is competition to be the rule? Or is the country to be parcelled out into districts between a number of established monopolists? There is much to be said on both sides of a question like this, and much that is repeated *ad nauseam* before Committee after Committee of both Houses. If the practical decision were left to a permanent Court, it would act on consistent principles, and men would know what they had to expect. But now we find competition in favour at one time, and monopoly at another; and hosts of cases, which would either pass without opposition or never be raised at all before a tribunal acting on any consistent maxims, are now fought year after year at a profligate expense, just because no one can guess what mood a Committee may be in, or say that any scheme is too hopeless to have a chance of success. It seems to us that the real issue is, after all, not whether the business is properly called judicial or legislative, but whether it would be better done by a good permanent Court than by Parliamentary Committees. This is the substantial point, and all the rest is mere verbal quibbling.

But it is said that if the functions of Committees are not judicial, it would be unconstitutional to extend it to any but members of Parliament. This is the most idle objection of all. The fiction of a reference to a Committee is merely this—that the House delegates to five gentlemen, chosen for their presumed capacity, the task of examining into the evidence adduced by certain rival claimants, and reporting to the House the result of the inquiry. A Committee is not supposed to exercise any legislative power whatever. Each member of it derives his authority, not from the fact of his being a member of Parliament, but simply from the direct deputation of the whole House. It is just as constitutional for the House to take the advice and act on the report of a judicial body, as of a small knot of more or less competent men who add M.P. to their names. It is a mere question of convenience, and the convenience is

demonstrably in favour of the change proposed by Lord R. Cecil's resolution.

Perhaps the strongest condemnation of the present system is that implied in the peroration of Lord Stanley's argument in its defence. He thought "that the objections taken on the ground of diversity of opinion were not to be attributed so much to the constitution of the tribunal as to the fact that, in many cases, they were without experience of the subjects with which they had to deal." Admit this, and what is the inference except that we ought to have a permanent tribunal, which would acquire the requisite experience, and adopt an intelligible and uniform course of proceeding?

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MADLLE. TITIENS has made another step in the development of the strength of her *répertoire* by her appearance as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*. No character could have been chosen more remote from those in which we have already witnessed her performance than that of Mozart's heroine. It is one in which any shortcoming is much less easily overlooked than even in Meyerbeer's Valentine. The classical purity of Mozart's music is more easily defaced than that of the great leader of the Romantic school by vocal imperfection or unauthorized departure from the text. The character of Donna Anna is one which requires the most delicate taste in order to realize it properly. Grief for the death of a father is not a passion to be theatrically torn to tatters, nor does the decorum which befits the high-born Spanish lady permit any extravagant demonstration of feeling. What is required is the delineation of natural grief and indignation struggling against the habitual reserve imposed by social rules. How admirably Mozart has conceived all this need not be said. Madlle. Titiens has a thorough appreciation of the ideal which he drew, and her performance throughout was distinguished by excellent taste and judgment. The first scene with the lover, Don Ottavio—in which Donna Anna calls upon him to avenge the death of her father—is the most impassioned in the whole piece; and the first outburst of the wild desire of revenge, which for the moment overcomes every other consideration, was admirably depicted by Madlle. Titiens, while the mingling of her voice with that of Giuglini gave the greatest effect to the pathetic music by which Mozart has so well expressed the feelings proper to the occasion. But the air, "Or sai chi l'onore," in which Donna Anna, having recognised in Don Giovanni the perpetrator of the crime, makes known the discovery to Don Ottavio, was a still finer exhibition of the new *prima donna's* declamatory powers. This magnificent adjuration was nobly delivered, and excited the warmest applause. Why Ottavio does not instantly seek out the assassin for slaughter is a mystery, but it is easy to see why the air "Dalla sua pace," which he sings immediately after, has usually been omitted. It comes rather coldly after such an earnest exhortation to vengeance as that which has preceded. Ottavio is a sort of Hamlet—a most dilatory individual, who can only be pardoned for the sake of the lovely airs which he has to sing. In the second act, Madlle. Titiens introduced the grand air, commonly omitted, "Non mi dir bell' idol mio." This ought properly to be sung to Ottavio, who, however, on this occasion, judiciously perhaps, absented himself. It is almost the only song in the opera in which Mozart has permitted himself to indulge a little in mere vocal display—the allegro containing a scale passage of difficult execution, but which might have been written for the express purpose of developing the best notes in Madlle. Titiens' voice and the clearness and certainty of her scales. This was sung triumphantly, and the audience, rather inconsiderately, insisted upon a repetition. We think that he must be an unreasonably exacting critic who does not find satisfaction in a performance such as that of Madlle. Titiens. It is true that her lower notes are by no means equal in force to those of the upper part, and this defect will occasionally manifest itself; but the musician-like management of the voice in a great measure compensates for this. In addition to the air "Il mio tesoro," which is usually the only opportunity which the unhappy and perplexed Ottavio has of distinguishing himself, Signor Giuglini sang, as we have previously hinted, the air "Dalla sua pace." It is eminently suited to his voice, and was delivered with purity and feeling.

The capricious coquetry of Zerlina is what Madlle. Piccolomini enters into *con amore*, though a word of caution might perhaps be worth attending to, not to over-do a good thing. She is not quite so fortunate in her Masetto as she was last year, when the burlesque physiognomy of Signor Corsi added point to her drollery. Signor Aldighieri, the present Masetto, takes beating and coaxing with equal seriousness. The best that we can say of Signor Beneventano's Don is, that he goes through his part, from one end to the other, with unrelaxing spirit; but he falls a long way short of that sublime ideal of the aristocratic sinner which the old Spanish playwright conceived. Signor Belletti plays Leporello well and carefully, but without giving that prominence to the part which it was wont to have in the days when the name of Leporello was identified with the colossal figure of Lablache. The part of Elvira is filled, as last year, by Madlle. Ortolani.

The opera is given in its entirety, and the chorus, "Viva la libertà," in the finale of the first act, derives additional effect from all the principal performers taking a part.

THE FINE ART OF 1858—OIL-PICTURES.

THE art of Great Britain has always been essentially an art of painting pictures. We had, indeed, British architects—an Inigo Jones and a Christopher Wren—before we had anything well worthy the name of a British painter; but these men founded nothing that could be called a British architecture. The art-school of our country has its first firm basis in our painters—Hogarth and Reynolds; and the same preponderance of the art of painting has continued and flourishes up to the present day. Indeed, this preponderance is more marked now than at some former periods. Our school of engraving does not maintain the position which it held in the days of Strange and Woollett, nor our school of sculpture the traditions which it inherits from Flaxman. A great change, however, is taking place in the temper of the nation—or, at any rate, it is receiving a new visible impulse—as regards the whole question of art. We will be architects and decorators—perhaps we *shall* be; but, except in the province of ecclesiastical art, we are not as yet. Our architects are only beginning to get a field and a principle on which to work—our decorators are still in the school-room of “the Department.” What may come of all this, and what altered relations the several arts may take towards each other when the process is in full operation, we shall not venture to speculate. At the present moment, the only form of art which competes in the popular view with painting is that of design, as exhibited in engravings. It may not be unworthy of remark that our two most creative geniuses—Hogarth and Turner—excelled in all the arts of design connected with the production of a picture, from its first taking shape as a sketch, to its final exhibition as an engraving. Turner especially has been the great master in both the processes of painting—oil and water-colour; while neither of them seems to have had the slightest aptitude for the remaining arts—architecture, sculpture, and decorative design.

In the year 1858, then, our position is such that the ordinary Briton would understand his friend to refer to a picture in using the term “work of art;” and if the one asked the other what had excited his interest at the Royal Academy, he would never expect to be answered by reference to a work of architectural design or sculpture.

In the shifting diorama of artistic style, the eye gets soon disused to the form which passes, and used to the form which succeeds. But for this, an exhibition-room of the present day would be an object of genuine wonderment. Since art was art, the aim which now exists of representing natural facts both in their general effect on the eye and their literal minuteness has never had a precedent. The ancients, as far as we can gather, did not represent effects at all, but only objects—and even these in the main, it is to be inferred, with something of the same largeness and ideal character in painting as in their sculptured works. The medievals dwelt tenderly on a few effects, and, in some schools, minutely on a multiplicity of objects; but the union of the two was hardly attempted, and never realized. The moderns have experimented progressively on effects, and dealt with objects on the large scale, but not with their minutenesses—a Dutchman here and there plodding through the minutenesses, but only with a technical aim, and losing the effects and the natural balance and keeping. Now it is naturalism in its entire gamut—the French and its allied schools running the race side by side with the British in this respect, though it is to the British more especially that we owe the realization of the effect through its minute details.

This movement is of very recent date. Turner, indeed, initiated and accomplished it with a splendour which may wait long for its parallel, and with multiform and multitudinous resources altogether unrivalled; and his example gave an impulse to naturalism such as it had never received before, and cannot lose henceforth save by some blight or convulsion of art which would baffle forecasting. But the peculiar form in which the alliance of effect and minuteness is now distinctively pursued dates only within the last decade of the British school. It is the spirit which has been too frequently restricted to what is unfortunately termed pre-Raphaelitism, co-operating with the lessons of photography, which has changed the face of our exhibitions. To throw oneself back in imagination to an exhibition of 1848 or of 1849—the year in which the leaven of a real searching after nature first touched the lump—is to gaze upon a state of things now superseded, and rapidly taking itself off into the holes and corners of art. The reform was announced, opposed, abused, derided, challenged to fight its way. It fought it, gained adherents—willing and bitterly reluctant—and is now regnant and installed. Pre-Raphaelitism is no longer the name or badge of an aggressive minority. In its narrower and tentative sphere, indeed, it has passed away, and there remains of it a large and genial influence, better than itself, which pervades, with few exceptions, the entire body of whatever is progressive or accepted in our art. The term is too convenient a laconism to be superseded for some while yet; it is a regrettable one in itself, and in too many cases it survives only to apologize for crudity and incapacity, and, so far as it appears to imply a protest rather than a general influence, it is already, as it ought to be, out of date.

The effect of the reform has been on the whole a levelling one. It sets every man on his mettle—not to display his

cleverness, but to do his work well. The student begins with it, and paints harshly and faithfully; he assures every successive step in his progress; and, as his mind expands, and his hand avails to realize his perceptions of fact, the harshness vanishes, and the faithfulness expresses itself aright. The level is merely the level of consistent practice, and a common aim after truth. It cannot repress originality of conception—this works its way as soon as the means of realization are assured. It cannot repress individuality of perception, or preference of subject—these determine the form of effort from the very first. What it does is to make men work rightly who would otherwise work at random, and fritter away any capacity they may possess in undisciplined experiment and feeble self-assertion. But neither Pre-Raphaelitism nor any other *ism* will hatch great works. There is only one recipe for that—the great mind; and great minds are, and will ever remain, the God-given gift of the few.

The general attention is fixed not so much upon the ruling idea as upon the method of the recent reform in art—one by no means confined to painting, but dominant in the England which now is, in that earnestness and reality in letters, in politics, and religion, which distinguishes our own days. Its idea is not simply, or primarily, to realize a seen fact, but to *conceive* a subject clearly and sincerely, and to realize that with the nearest approximation to truth, careless of its chiming in with any pet notions of the day or commonplaces of art. It leaves each man free to pursue his own bent, and appropriate to his service whatever of natural beauty or significance it enters into his mind to grasp—on penalty always of failure and reprobation if he has not carefully ascertained his own powers and perceptions, or does not hold to them through thick and thin, though all the world declare him fatuous. There is nothing which this principle of thought and truth cannot invest with dignity and value. Few men are born for the treatment of lofty subjects; and let these be left to the few. Our own national tendency in art is mainly towards landscape and domestic life. Even a prosaic mind can do something worthy with these, if it determines to be serious and thoughtful. A scene well selected, either for its interest of association or its natural beauty, cannot be better represented than as it is; and the smallest facts of life, looked at with sympathy and reverence, can be made to interest and educate every open human heart. It is only the frivolous view of these things which is disgusting; and, above all, the conceit which fancies it can improve by a code of rules upon outward nature, and the stupid persiflage which is always on the titter to call your eye to what it dubs vulgar or funny.

With one other preliminary remark, we proceed to our immediate subject—the Oil Pictures in the current year's Exhibitions. There are higher qualities—imagination, invention, depth of sympathy; but the essentially artistic quality is the delight in a thing as an *object of sight*, and the longing, not merely to represent the object, but to indicate in the representation the delight with which it has been contemplated. With this quality, the painter has, so to speak, the “freedom of the city” of art, and can never be far wrong, or bad company for the highest of his brethren. Without it, he may inculcate valuable lessons, record useful facts, and merit our regard; but he was not born to use art as a means of expression.

The oil pictures in the Royal Academy constitute an exhibition, perhaps the most satisfactory which has ever occurred there in virtue of its high and diffused average of truthfulness, discipline, and skill; but the works of arresting power or deep interest are certainly few. We can barely eke out a baker's dozen of them. Of these, six belong to the class of domestic art, mingled with dramatic or moral purpose, and with landscape—a large proportion corresponding with the leading post which the domestic occupies in our school.

We do not hesitate to single out the Dead Stonebreaker of Mr. Wallis as the master-work of the gallery. It is at the head both of its thought and of its art, and presents a notable combination of the great qualities in the new movement. It takes the hard fact of our own day as its inspiration, finds that this too has elements of eternal pathos and significance, associates and calms its bitter human literality with the glory of external nature, and realizes all—the mournfulness, the strangeness, the beauty, the actual truth—to the uttermost. Mr. Wallis tells his meaning so well in the mottoes which he has selected, that we shall let them speak for him. The full-fraught line from Tennyson, inscribed on the frame, is almost enough of itself—

Now is done thy long day's work;

to which the catalogue adds that other from Carlyle—“Hardly entreated brother! for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell, and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom.” The painter has probed low for his subject, but only to show us that we are wrong in calling it low. An old pauper set to break stones by the road-side, who has died over his work—that is all. No horror, no grimace, no anti-poor-law stump oratory. It is mournful and terrible; yet there is more of peace at the heart of it than of terror. The old man is not a scarecrow, but a strong-knit stalwart labourer, not long past the vigour of his manhood. His task has been steadily

worked at—the hammer has slipped quietly from his hand—grey under the twilight shadow, his face, which the inquisitive stoat stands to look at, has settled into calm. The yellow sunset broods over the blue hills, and, reflected in the still river, the sky comes nearer to the dead man than the hollow gloom of earth—

Now is done thy long day's work :

the great deliverer and changer has come. There is certainly no painter of the time who deserves better of the public than Mr. Wallis. He always gives them of his best. Whatever it is in him to think and do, he thinks gravely and does thoroughly.

Mr. Egg also is quite in earnest this year with a subject of modern life, which he tells in three acts. The story is that of a wife fallen, and a family destroyed. In the first scene, the husband, come home unexpectedly, learns his misery from a letter of the seducer, which he finds, as we conjecture, by chance. Both are equally overwhelmed by the discovery. The husband sinks into a chair, and stares out giddy and death-pale; the wife, as if felled by a blow, has fallen prostrate to the floor; the shock of her fall shatters the card-castle which her two unconscious little girls are building further back in the room—an incident most ingeniously exact in its moral analogy. The wife is an admirable figure, rendered with extreme power—the husband rather uninteresting, and with an expression which suggests more perplexity than anguish. In colour and daylight effect, this compartment of the picture suffers by coming between the two moonlights at the sides. These scenes are simultaneous. At one side the lost wife, a haggard outcast with her unfathered child, crouches under one of the Adelphi arches, and gazes with vacant heart-sinking at the bright August moon over the polluted river. At the other side the two daughters of the opening scene, now young girls advancing towards womanhood, are praying, with their window open, in presence of the same moon in a bare room—their father dead, their mother dead to them. We are left to suppose that listlessness in the affairs of daily life, and reverse of fortune, have followed the wreck of the husband's peace, and that his orphans are left unprovided for. In artistic vigour and completion this is a very remarkable work—the moonlight singularly mellow and brilliant, and true in tone without the usual coldness. A number of minor points assist to tell the story; and we think that the difficulty which many profess to find in reading it is due to their own dullness or wilful indifference, rather than to the artist's shortcoming. The picture, like its subject, is a painful one; but every vestige of offence in detail is excluded from it; and its power and purpose, which reach deeper than any previously developed by Mr. Egg, will materially enhance his reputation.

What that relates to the Derby Day can be unattractive to a true-born Englishman? And what wonder that Mr. Frith's picture, bearing that image and superscription, is the most popular in the gallery? It is a very extraordinary production—probably the picture of a crowd, *par excellence*, against all comers. We mean of a crowd as it is—combining number, variety, incident, easy and truthful disposition, and general truth of effect over the whole scene: for there are certainly to be found crowds with more of the epic inward character of a crowd, and perhaps even more swarming in numbers or arrangement. To catalogue all the several personages or groups would be tedious—to describe them, endless. There is the betting-booth, which young Mutton is entering, to be fleeced. There is the thimble-rigging group, with its four or five different kinds of "duffers" or "bonnets" (we beg the pardon of slang gentlemen if our ignorance misapplies either name)—its ruddy-cheeked yokel, who vows he cannot but win if he tries, with his sweetheart, who pulls him away—the bustling city man, who asks if this kind of thing is to be tolerated, and the brow-mopping policeman, who "can't interfere, sir"—and the cleaned-out counter-jumper, who will return home with pockets as empty as the head he brought down with him. We have the tumbling boy, who cannot throw himself head over heels for longing to be after the lobsters which lie temptingly within his view—the chalked little dancing girl, who has not lost her taste for kissing baby—the girl on stilts, who goes up to the carriage-full of ladies and gentlemen—one of them, his eyes beginning to swim, reaches to help her to champagne, but a lady stops him. There are the French "dame du demi-monde," who turns away with a swelling heart from the gipsy who offers to tell her a fortune too well fixed already (this incident is borrowed from Dickens), and the beggar-boy, who steals under the carriage to appropriate the neglected wine-bottle. These are only a few incidents, but may serve as a specimen of the whole. Even at the last, the picture comes to an end, as it were, grudgingly. The man who closes it is cut in half by the frame, and is looking out beyond the picture, so as to suggest its undefined continuance. Sparkling, airy, well put together, efficiently cared for throughout, full of spirit, facility, ingenuity, and lifelikeness, this picture is. Its chief real value, perhaps, is the undistorted picture of actual life in the year 1857 (a few trivial anachronisms need not be taken into account), which it will offer to our great-grandchildren. Anything of the same kind from past times is precious to us, and this will be precious to them. Here our praise stops. We called the picture an extraordinary production, but it is only the extraordinary of commonplace. It does not attain to beauty, to grandeur (for there is a kind of grandeur even in a "Derby Day" to the seeing eye), to dramatic intensity, or to that depth of humour which has passion at the bottom of it. For conception, it might be due to a clever

man of society; and for execution, to any hand of great practice and nicety, unimpelled by genius. It is the perfection of "natty" art, which need hope for no higher triumph.

Mr. Hook brings us to a very different atmosphere. No painter ever had a more English love of the country, and all its adjuncts of man, beast, vegetation, and material—no painter ever got closer into the heart of them. "The Coast Boy gathering Eggs," lowered by a rope from ledge to ledge of rock—the nest in view—the sea-birds clanging round—the liquid-green depth of sea, far, far out behind him, is about the most *delightful* work in the exhibition, and one of the very best which Mr. Hook has produced. "A Pastoral" is less captivating, but hardly less charming. The warm light is almost of meridian clearness, but the long shadows foretell sunset; the shepherd youths trudge home, to the notes of a rural pipe, the grizzled sheep-dog after them; the sheep stray to crop the wayside grass. Possibly there is a touch too much of idyllic refinement here. The third subject is a rustic family—"Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers." The peaceful, affectionate enjoyment of the grandfather is touchingly rendered; and we greatly like the complexion which Mr. Hook gives his rustics—not sun-browned, but sun-reddened, with a look as if all vicious humours were freshened out of them. It is not always perfectly painted, but the notion is worthy of so fresh and unaffected a colorist. Another man who paints for delight, and not for profundity, is Mr. Lewis, who has abandoned this year, we believe, together with the presidency of the Water-Colour Society, the regular practice of water-colour art itself. We anticipate no gain from this change, except in the permanence of his work; but the pictures here prove that Mr. Lewis, as was to be expected from so wonderful a manipulator, has conquered the difficulties which beset his early attempts in oil, and can do what he likes with it now. Two of his present works are much the most exquisite he has yet produced in that material. The "Inmate of the Hhareem, Cairo," is a most dainty young creature, bringing in a dainty tray with coffee-cups and glasses; she smiles a bewitching smile at you out of her bright eyes under the shadow of the arched entrance. "A Kibab Shop, Scutari," is a more important work, and it would be a splitting of golden hairs to call it a shade less enticing. There is a thorough sense in it of the pleasure of getting into the shade, and having your slippers off, and sitting down to a nice kibab or a thousand-and-first pipe, in the hot East—and this though we see little or nothing of the heat, but only of the shade. The fluttering and pecking pigeons in the foreground are surprising specimens of delicacy of action and drawing. These are the two masterpieces among the five contributions of Mr. Lewis. "The Arab of the Desert of Sinai," however, is the most conspicuous of all his oil-paintings for strength. "The Interior of a Mosque at Cairo, Afternoon Prayer," is an interesting record of quietism; but Mr. Lewis rather trifles with the subject in painting his own head to the principal figure, instead of a genuine Arab type. "Lilies and Roses, Constantinople," is, of course, choice in execution, yet does not realize much truth of colour or effect. To pass from Mr. Hook and Mr. Lewis to Mr. Hughes, is to pass from rustic and costume art to sacred art; but it is still to remain with art whose chief quality is its delightfulness. This may seem faint praise for a work possessing a sacred character. In calling this artist's "Nativity" a delightful work, however, we imply its possession of religious tenderness and purity, at least, or it could not be otherwise than repugnant. Mr. Hughes has painted his little picture very simply and very beautifully, contenting himself with the expression of an idea, and the indication of some heavenly supernaturalism, and not aiming at any extreme point of artistic completeness. The fair girl-mother and girl-angels are full of pure happiness and reverent love. The tone of feeling in the picture partakes of the *naïveté* of the early Catholic art, contemplated in sympathy, not in a spirit of imitation. The colour and effect are brilliant and unearthly. They are not positively original, but "original one remove," being a reminiscence from one of Mr. Hughes's artistic colleagues. A little more work upon this picture will make it in all respects, as it already is in the most essential, the best which Mr. Hughes has produced.

Three portraits bearing the name of F. W. George recall the style of Mr. G. F. Watts to everybody acquainted with that gentleman's rarely seen but most admirable works. They are by far the finest portraits exhibited for many years past—indeed, the greatest names in English portrait-painting, Reynolds and Gainsborough, must yield to these the palm of reserved dignity and noble grace. They partake of the character which is ordinarily termed "ideal;" but they do not overstep reality, and the ideal passes by such easy stages into the conventional that we would rather steer clear of the term. "Mrs. Nassau Senior" is represented watering a lily of the valley. The lady of Shelley's Sensitive Plant could not have been more tenderly solicitous; yet there is no affectation in the gentle face and sweet graceful poise of the body. The accessories are painted with distinct fulness; but the colour is not quite so perfectly in harmony as that of the other two portraits, which depends, we think, on the orange of the shawl, and vermilion of the easy-chair. "Miss Senior" paces the garden-walk, "a perfect woman, nobly planned;" simple dignity of line and movement could scarcely be carried further. The laurels and roses of the garden are as beautifully described (so to speak) as if Mr. "George" were a poet in words, and wrote about them. "Miss Eden"—a head and

but merely—is as fair a type of sweet girlhood as the others of refined womanhood, with the mass of rippled golden hair, the crimson lips, the half-tossing set of the head on the white columnar neck, like flower and stem. If there is any one who has a right to object to other people's falling in love with "Miss Eden," even "in effigy," we should recommend him to use his interest with the Academicians for the withdrawal of this canvas.

We have now exhausted the brief list of the pictures which stand out by special merit from all the rest of the Gallery, and we proceed to dispose of the others according to their classes; or rather—for we cannot pause at every instance of alloyed success or immature promise—to specify such as are distinguished by conspicuous qualities of one kind or another.

In sacred art, Messrs. Hart and Leslie stand in the dock for sentence. The mitigating circumstance in Mr. Hart's case is that which was urged with more audacity than logic in defence of the murderer Dove—that he had led a life of consistent atrocity, which made the deed under investigation comparatively venial. We allow the plea in Mr. Hart's case—he has painted a good deal worse before; but Mr. Dove was hanged, and Mr. Hart must be castigated. "Athaliah's Dismay at the Coronation of Joash" is an operatic *tableau*. The Lord Chamberlain won't stand an opera named *Nabucco*, or a spectacular drama named *Le Fils Prodigé*—they must be re-christened before an English audience can witness them; and though such forms of positive prohibition are now obsolete, the public should assert for themselves the principle of the prohibition, and scout all art which tampers with sacred things for mere purposes of effect. Mr. Leslie's plea for indulgence is different—being the more rational one of excellent previous character. We allow and endorse it in the fullest sense, and with the highest respect for the misguided gentleman; but then his character has been gained as an illustrator of the highest humorous literature, and an exponent of social manners—not as an expounder of the Gospel. Taking a mild view, therefore, of the case and the picture, we bring him in guilty, not of the graver offence of irreverent scoffing, but only of a libel on himself, and bind him over in his own recognizances to appear for sentence in case he should ever repeat the misdemeanour. Mr. S. Solomon is new to our exhibitions, but the exhaustless fertility and quaintness of invention which he has displayed in years scarcely exceeding those of boyhood, are bruited abroad already in artistic circles. His subject is that dread patriarchal trial, "And the Lord said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." It was much to be feared that, entering the lists so early, and with so good a right to rely upon genius apart from labour, this young artist would rather indicate a vivid thought than paint a sterling picture; but such apprehensions are now set at rest. He paints with manly breadth and decision, and with evident resolve to put his thoughts thoroughly into shape, displaying unmistakably the qualities of a draughtsman and a colourist. At the height where the picture is hung, its oddness at first sight is more apparent than the details of expression; but we discern enough to satisfy us that there is real depth of bitter love in the father as he holds his son's head for the last hard moment to his bosom, and filial reliance in the boy. Mr. S. Solomon must not mind being told that his picture is "so funny." With the modest self-confidence of genius he may reply, that it is essentially right. We believe that he has a career of greatness before him such as rarely opens to a young man, and which it only depends upon himself to assure.

The champion of historic art in the gallery is one of its tried men, Mr. Cross. His "Coronation of William the Conqueror"—a work on a smaller scale than his wont—is the best which he has exhibited since his prize picture of the "Death of Cœur de Lion," and more calculated than the others to conciliate popular liking. The Conqueror, left alone in the church by a false alarm of insurrection, "holds the crown of England in his grip, as though no mortal hand should ever wrest it from him"—an eagle's pounce on crown and sword, from the roused, defiant, glaring head to the clutching hands, and the convex tension of the mailed foot. The eye pauses upon Duke William at once, and scarcely cares to shift to the other figures; but they all aid to complete the story, and carry out its spirit and dramatic crisis. The tone of colour is clearer and less husky than in preceding works; but Mr. Cross still belongs intrinsically to the French school of historic art, to quit which for the British would certainly be no advance. This is a sound work, and a fine one. Mr. E. M. Ward is not naturally a painter of history, but of manners. When he painted "Defoe's Rejected Manuscript of Robinson Crusoe," he was in his right vein; and he was still right in such subjects as "The Fall of Clarendon," or "The Bourbons in the Temple Prison"—historic episodes in which the interest centred upon the emotions of court intrigue, or domestic woes. Court patronage has betrayed him into efforts for which he was not formed, and now into attempts beyond the fair pale of art altogether. He is a vigorous observer and portrayer of men, but a coarse one. The "Concealment of the Fugitives by Alice Lisle after the Battle of Sedgemoor," is the "original design for the fresco in the Houses of Parliament." Our recollection of the fresco is more favourable than our estimate of the oil-picture. Both are "dramatic," but too much in the stage sense of the word. There is a positive absence of refinement in the work—a burly, hulking

character—which is very disagreeable. The two Court commissions, of "The Emperor of the French receiving the Order of the Garter at Windsor," and "The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon I.," ought never to have been painted, and especially not by Mr. Ward. We do indeed perceive elements in the second subject which might have adapted it for a thoroughly historic treatment, but, as the case stands, this is much the worse picture of the two. The other is, in its very nature, which consists of trappings and complaisance, unfit for art. All such affairs—coronations, Court-marriages, Court-ceremonial—are artistic lumber. However, Mr. Ward has come out of the trial with a reasonable amount of credit. His colour is broad and strong—more satisfactory than usual, indeed; his portraits are generally good—some notably so. We regret that the task was imposed, and that it fell to Mr. Ward's lot; but we do not disparage the picture, which is, on the whole, more successful than we had anticipated. But the tomb of Napoleon is an abortion. Mr. Ward has removed it somewhat from the ordinary level of Court-pictureship, but only by making it theatrical and vulgar. It neither gratifies the taste nor excites the feelings. The weeping of the court ladies and gentlemen is simply nauseous. Mr. Wallis, whose greatest work we have already spoken of, appears again among the historical painters with "Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower," and "Henry Martin in Chepstow Castle." Both pictures have an abstract and an individual dignity as well. The incident in the Raleigh—his dim musing gaze at his boy who is blowing bubbles, which entail less disastrous consequences in their bursting than "the bubble reputation" pursued through a life of service to the State, or a search after Eldorado—is well thought of, though not new as a general idea. We like, too, the portrait of his great mistress, the "divine Eliza," hung up, ivy-wreathed, to preside over the noble captive's broken fortunes. Martin, the regicide, stands in the shadow of his prison-cell looking out, with a golden and purple sunset in the sky; but he looks to the twilight east, not the resplendent west—perhaps to gaze on that through iron bars were rather bitterness than comfort. Mr. Wallis started a fine line of subject in these secluded but significant acts or moments of "representative men;" and he is pursuing it with thought, and consistent but not monotonous purpose. It seems somewhat too early yet to attempt a pictorial realization of the horrors of the Indian mutiny—the tears have been wiped too recently off many eyes which will look on it. Mr. Noel Paton has not shrunk from the attempt in his "In Memoriam," which represents the shambles of Cawnpore, with the women and children shuddering at the footsteps of the slaughterers. His rendering has strength and intensity, and introduces into the horror a higher element than itself—that of religious appeal and high-strung resolve; and it eliminates whatever would be absolutely revolting. To say that it is unpleasant is to say nothing against it—if we beg the question that it was fit to be painted at all. Still it is pictorially, as well as morally, unpleasant, and that affects its value merely as a piece of work. As an artist with capabilities in him, however, Mr. Paton will certainly not suffer from this picture. Mr. Armitage's "Retribution" gives an allegorical version of the same bloody facts, only that here the savage tiger is coming in for his deserts at the hands of Britannia. There is a vigorous impulse in the work; but the main thought is borrowed, and the painting is drop-curtain painting, not exhibition art.

That indeterminate class of works which the French call *genre*, and which touch now on historic incident, now on poetic illustration, and so on till we come to contemporary domestic life, appears in considerable numerical force. The feigned death of Juliet, by Mr. Leighton, is about the most remarkable. Mr. Leighton is not a safe man to reckon with. We may always be certain that he will do better than an ordinary painter, but not certain that he will do well, or *how* well. He has genius, or something very near it—pictorial faculty unquestionable—ambition manifest (probably too much so)—mannerism, and masterliness. The last two qualities are those which most set him off in balance. He can do what he likes, and he does not like nature enough, but adulterates it with himself, and his foreign practice. What he is most deficient in is individual human character. This may be partly dependent on his mannerism, but we think his mannerism is rather consequent on it. He tries to make up for the deficiency by affecting to supply it out of his own resources; but he never will make up for it till he cures it. A brisk course of portrait-painting might do much, and the selection of a new head for every figure he designs in a picture—even if not a perfectly appropriate head, it will be better than his own idea of a head in general. The blemish is very apparent in this Juliet picture. Even the nurse has scarcely any point of character which would so much as distinguish her from Lady Capulet (who, by-the-by, is not an old lady in the play, but exactly twenty-eight years of age), and Friar Lawrence is a kind of picturesque bandit-monk. Still, as a piece of art and an indication of power, the picture is on a very superior level to the stock of an English exhibition—it is true painter's work. "The Fisherman and the Siren" from Göthe's ballad, is a poor classical reading of the subject generally; but there is a passionate abandon and irresistible clinging in the Siren which may, and not unreasonably, elevate some eyebrows, but which is the right audacious thing for the artist to have done. There is a dignity, too, about the colouring, as there always is with Mr. Leighton.

Mr. Elmore, having nothing better to say for himself, chirrups annually, "See how clever I am;" and the cry, though an offensive one, is not altogether untrue this year. His diploma-picture of the Duke watching, in feigned sleep, a love-passing between Valentine and Silvia, tends, however, towards the grotesque; and it is too bad in him to pitch upon such a man as Dante for the centre in a little bit of picturesque grouping. All Mr. Elmore appears to see in Dante is that he had a facial angle not quite unlike that of Punch. Mr. Egg's "Scene from Thackeray's *Esmond*," where Beatrix affects to knight him, is, like his previous picture from the same tale, one of his strongest pieces of work—Beatrix considerably more beautiful than before, but somewhat less *distingued*. Still the picture is not a pleasant one. "The Bluidy Tryste," in which a "proude ladie" has stabbed a "knycht," and groans to find that he was her "truest lover" after all, is catalogued as the work of Mr. Noel Paton. We strongly suspect, however, that the singularly graceful and delicate landscape of this picture is due to Mr. Waller Paton. If so, Mr. Noel Paton's share in the performance reduces itself to having marred a beautiful landscape by two figures, equally painstaking and nicely handled indeed, but insignificant—if otherwise, he has made a great stride on the road towards real finish. Two small subjects from *Evangeline*, by Mr. Gale, are of a like order of minute exquisiteness equally diffused over the whole surface, and are pleasant little things, though none of the characters is very happily seized, and *Evangeline* is certainly plainer than need be. We can hardly help fancying that photography has had something to do with the production of these groups. Finish is not the special aim of Mr. Phillip, though there is a great deal which tells out as finish in combination with the forcefulness of his pictures. He is an able man, who, after several years of failure—having learned from others the way to paint effectively, and having opened up Spain once more as a field for picturesque subjects—has "gone in" for strength of style and popularity, and grasps the latter, for the moment, harder than any living rival. But the husk of art, without its kernel inside, does not long await the inevitable moment when it is thrown away as a pet. No art can flourish long unrooted in sentiment, or in beauty, or in both. Of both these Mr. Phillip is eminently destitute, though vigorous painting, considerable truth, and obvious points of character, blind the public to the fact just now. He is a harsh, downright painter, never suggestive—honest, however, in the main, above nonsense, and with something to tell of what he has observed, though not of what he has felt or thought. His chief work this year—and it is a striking one—is the "Spanish Contrabandistas," where the smuggler's mistress is holding a glass to the lips of the man whose breath will never cloud it more. His most satisfactory work, in our opinion, is the small "Daughters of the Alhambra," in virtue of the grandly decorative air it gains from the mosaic arches of the Moresque palace. Mr. Poole is a hopeless eccentric. He is a man of indisputable genius, and those who care about genius, though wasted, growl at his pictures and enjoy them. That is our own case; and knowing the growl to be utterly useless, as far as Mr. Poole himself is concerned, we are inclined to pretermitt it, but for our own credit sake. "The Last Scene in King Lear" is one of the ugliest he has painted—which is saying a good deal; but it is also one of the genuinely powerful in its incomplete way. The ghostly old king hanging over Cordelia, with the useless feather to her lips—the ashen corpse of Cordelia herself, not yet quite rigid—and the earnest, reverential suspense of Edgar, are finely felt. It is very ridiculous in Mr. Poole to introduce into the group a prominent female figure in a remorseful attitude, who can only be intended for Goneril or Regan—ridiculous, for Goneril and Regan are both dead by this time, and presumptuous too, for how does Mr. Poole know that Shakespeare's Goneril or Regan would have been remorseful? "The Gaoler's Daughter, a scene from the French Revolution," is much the best picture yet painted by Mr. Calderon, who, after a promising start, has done nothing but rubbish in the interval ("Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward," further on, is a dismal instance of it). The young imprisoned priest enjoying or courting slumber, and the silent interest of the heart-touched girl, are feelingly and quietly expressed. There are few pictures in the Gallery better done in its way than "The Presentation of Medals for Service in the Crimea," by the Queen, on the 18th May, 1855," by Mr. G. H. Thomas. This is a most honestly recorded fact, seen in a general view, but it could scarcely be made to produce a picture. The general truthfulness of effect, and orderly propriety of grouping, are visible at once; and on near inspection the several figures are found to be very carefully, artistically, and appropriately rendered. The work is a type of the capabilities and limits of such treatment. Mr. Caro Thomas's "Boccaccio in Naples" is a manly graceful figure, very finely studied throughout, and notably in the drapery. Though Mr. Thomas is not a colourist, he pays a great deal of attention to the combination of his colours, and has succeeded here in producing a sound, clear, neutral harmony. Every detail of the picture shows design and knowledge.

The domestic pictures outnumber any other single section of the gallery. Amid many that deserve a good word, we can only pick out a few. Of Mr. Cope's two, "Upward Gazing"—an infant in his mother's arms, pleased and wide-eyed at sight of the blue sky—is the best. "The Stepping Stones," with a well-known quotation from Wordsworth, fails in the point where

Mr. Cope always *does* fail—that of spontaneity. On consideration, its strength and superiority to mere prettiness gain upon you, but it is never satisfactory. Mr. Dobson, whose well-meant, lily-livered Bible-pictures we did not pause to mention, is rather better suited in "Fairy Tales"—a girl neglecting her doll for her marvellous little book. We scarcely know whether the pink of the doll, or the suffused brown of the girl's face is the more remote from the real colour of flesh. Mr. Webster is at his very best. The hay-field group of "Summer," the cottage *re-cueillement* of "Sunday Evening," the simple-hearted reverence of "Grace before Meat," are all in the right as far as they go, which is a considerable way in point of quiet expression and general truthfulness, not of the startling order, but in harmonious keeping. The kitten-holding child in "Sunday Evening," who bursts out into a pretty titter while the Bible is being read, to the contagious amusement of grand-papa, while her mother's finger is upheld in admonition, is particularly true and easy. Mr. Clark gave us a "Sick Child" last year, and follows suit now with a "Doctor's Visit." This moving in one rut is the destruction of our promising artists; and the promise of Mr. Clark was too genuine and excellent to admit of his taking the first false step uncautioned. This second picture is not so good or so touching as the first; yet the expressions of the languid boy, and the foreboding nurse or grandmother, who hangs upon the first words of the oracle, are tender and very truthful. The doctor's aspect seems to indicate that there is not much to pull a long face over. The details of the interior, and the style of painting, are exact and easy, but want a touch of grace and pictorial interest, without which Mr. Clark will not realize the position he seems capable of. After a life spent upon "Last Appeals," and "Old, Old Stories," Mr. Stone has awakened at last, pricked on by the more earnest feeling of our time, to the conviction that sentimentalism and prettiness are not the only things worth painting. "The Missing Boat, Pas de Calais," is by far the strongest subject he has ever attempted within our memory. Strongly *painted*, indeed, it is not (though less weakly than usual); but it has living interest, true action, varied and concentrated emotion. The title indicates the subject: a fisher-boat is missing, and the poissards and poissardes are out to look for it, straining, gesticulating, shouting, rocking in dull pain, stiff with horror, helplessly sympathizing. The sailor-youth in the centre, who points the glass, and seems to have just discerned hope through it, must be the most energetic figure Mr. Stone has painted. We are happy to find Mr. O'Neil in very much the same position as Mr. Stone. He, too, has touched the solid ground of fact, and rises up—we will not say as a giant refreshed, but as a man refreshed. The painter of hard, tea-boardy, snivelling idealisms proves to be capable of something strong, sound, and interesting. We have compared him in progress with Mr. Stone, but he has painted a much better picture—one indeed on which, barring a little hardness still, and a want of positive beauty (though not of creditable truth) in colour, there is scarcely anything but praise to bestow. "Eastward ho! August, 1857," is the parting of a regiment of soldiers, crowded into the transport-ship for India, from wife and baby, widowed mother and sister. There is the old father whose medal and wounds point the way to duty done, glory earned or deserved, a life of weariness and triumph and Chelsea Hospital—the sweetheart with whom you are on kissing terms—and the sweetheart who blushes and ponders when you urge her finally to engage herself. A wife, dim-eyed through her tears, and feeling for the last step of the accommodation-ladder, is aided by a bluff old seaman; a waterman smokes his pipe; a naval officer his cigar. Handkerchiefs wave—hands wring hard. The red-coats, with their heads relieved against the sky from the deck which they throng, have an original air of fact. The tarred side of the vessel, an ugly object in itself, is painted with an unaffected truth which makes it interesting, and which no prettifying or concealment would compensate for. This is the way to paint, and to make a position for which "Jephthah's Daughters" and "Ahasuerus" have been sown broadcast in vain. Mr. Luard again continues to associate the domestic life of the day to its military interest. "The Girl I left behind me" is a handsome young lady, who has a strong personal feeling involved in the outward march of a regiment. She will not condescend to admit it by looking out of the window; but the sympathizing sister knows well which of the forms reflected in the looking-glass is the cynosure of that fine pair of eyes. "Nearing Home" is an officer returning from Indian service, stretched languid on the deck, but comforted by the presence of his wife, and not quite indifferent to the land-bird which has settled on the ship. Both of these pictures are painted with great simplicity and directness—without any extreme elaboration, but with reality, and an efficiency which answers the artist's purpose. The officer's outstretched, manly length of limb is gracefully rendered—the feeling quite that of a gentleman as well as an artist. Mr. Luard should not lose sight, however, of the detailed accuracy with which he started in his profession. Mr. Halliday belongs to the same school of faithful unexaggerated fact. He has progressed considerably in power of handling, and retains his old aim at completeness. "The Blind Basket-maker with his First Child" is true in its sympathetic appeal, without boring you too much to sympathize. The mother guides the hand of the sightless father to learn the features of his infant—to know what they are, though he will never understand what they are *like*. The lark singing in his cage, the fiddle, the blind man's comfort, at hand by the

window, and the cat which purrs against him, are all rightly introduced. Mr. Horsley had nature in his mind when he painted the "Flower-girls—Town and Country," and in the latter section there is some freshness and pleasantness; but he has not hit the right note on the whole. The "town" masqueraders, to whom the haggard flower-hawker offers her posy, and whom a mimic devil marshals on their reckless way, make a disagreeable picture, with little to counterbalance the disagreeableness. "Peaceful Days" is a well-painted little work by Mr. P. R. Morris, chastened and modest in sentiment. The calm of the veteran soldier, waiting peacefully for his grave, mild and affectionate as the little grand-daughter who has filled his helmet with primroses, and whom he holds upon his knee, is very happily caught. Few are his wants and his luxuries—he has been comforting himself out of his Testament, and sets his pipe as a mark between the leaves. We are not sure that the sentiment, however, does not verge on sentimentality; and in aiming at a moral purpose, our artists may attain only namby-pamby. A work by an American artist, Mr. G. Lambdin—"Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought"—shows well among the English pictures in virtue of its broad simplicity of feeling and treatment.

The portraits, exclusive of those by Mr. "George," do not form a remarkable show; but they are enormously numerous—we could not fix upon any previous exhibition equalling their number. Our portrait-painting has lost any very distinctive or sterling qualities. The style of Mr. Grant—himself still chief in it—seems to be most in the ascendant, limiting its aspirations to gentlemanly ease, unaffected probability of arrangement, and a style, which, though simple and only half-finished, is still *style*. The manner of Sir Watson Gordon—broader, stronger, more picturesque, but about equally unfinished—has also its followers.

Only one of Mr. Grant's contributions is up to his mark, and that is the smallest—"Viscountess Hardinge," who stands with graceful straightness, accompanied by a funny rough terrier, which is very true in character, in spite of the extreme slightness of his execution. The large "Countess of Errol—Scene, the camp of the Rifle Brigade, Bulgaria," with a big white horse, is empty, overgrown, and a failure. "Dr. Monro" is one of Sir Watson Gordon's best—the sagacious old Scotch face surmounting the trusty stick on which the hands are set. "C. W. Mercer Henderson, Esq., of Fordell," a military portrait, is a fine, serious work also; only this chalky-white is very unlike flesh-colour. "The Lord Chief Justice of England" has a loquacious, argumentative, persistent look. The others are but second-rate. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Knight stands highest of this trio of leading portrait-painters, with his full-length of "Henry L. Gaskell, Esq., High Sheriff for the County of Oxford," which is carried further in execution, painted in a good, clear, liquid grey tone, not uninteresting as a study of colour, and realizes the air of a cultivated English country gentleman very successfully. Among the portraits we desire to specify those by Mr. H. W. Phillips. The Duke of Roxburgh's fair daughters are making many hearts ache in their counterfeit presentment so richly painted, though not without a trace of hardness, by this clever artist: his best portrait, however, is that of "Sir William Curtis," a grand and thoughtful head, with something of the intellectual character which Vandyke either caught or invented.

Mr. Sant improves with his children, though mothers and fathers have been of opinion, for some years past, that improvement was impossible. He is less "sweetly pretty" and angelical. The principal young girl in "the Children of Henry Eaton, Esq.," with a fine firm mouth, and a general look of confidence and breeding, is good. Mr. Chalon's full-length "Portrait of his Sister, the late Miss Chalon," is an absurd affair as a portrait—a kind of compromise between album art and Gog and Magogism. Nevertheless, we must solicit the attention of our new generation of portrait-painters to the fact that there is more of the quality of a colourist, and of a man who values his art as art, in this big blunder than in almost any of their own more rational productions. Mr. Richmond has one extremely pleasant head—that of "Cecilia Sarah Richmond"—the brown eyes serious through all their sprightly sparkle, and the whole air imbued with modest self-possession. The next best is "the Earl of Leicester," in sporting costume—a very English face, not "foreignized" by the red beard. The manner has considerable refinement, though without any fixed principle to distinguish it from commonplace. But, if you want to know what commonplace is, look at "H.R.H. the Prince Consort," in Highland costume, by Mr. Phillip—though, as a likeness merely, it is correct, and rather unflattering than otherwise. "John Phillip, Esq., A.R.A.," is a good likeness and an excellent piece of dark painting, subdued, but not to dullness, by Mr. O'Neil—a step still further in advance than his large subject, in point of softness and mastery. It looks a good deal like Mr. Phillip's own style in such small works, and the head has much the turn of a man painting himself; but we take the affirmation of the catalogue as final. A "Portrait of a Lady" should serve to bring the name of its rising author, Mr. Robertson, into notice. It is a piece of very skilful, successful work throughout, and is peculiarly noticeable in these days of portrait-painting without pictorial individuality, from the artist's resolve to carry out, in every detail of costume and background, the colour-effect, bright and light, naturally suggested by the complexion of the sitter.

A distinctive feature of the portraiture of 1858 is the assumption of oil-painting by miniature-painters. We hear this ascribed

to the superseding of miniature-painting by photography; but we can scarcely persuade ourselves that this alteration, undoubtedly destroying the lower branches of the art, can have affected the practice of such a man as Mr. Thorburn. However this may be, certain it is that he has abandoned the miniature-room this year, and made himself conspicuous in the oil-rooms—deplorably conspicuous, for his "Duchess of Manchester," in the character of Vesta, with a zodiac and other foolish paraphernalia, is as vulgar a monster of transparency-art as can well be imagined. The unmeaning coarseness of the painting is excessive, and apparently inexcusable; for there is no sign about it of that mere inefficiency which would be natural to the testing of a new material—the paint is always laid on with perfect boldness, and nearly perfect badness. It is too bad that such a subject as her Grace of Manchester should be the worst instance of all. "John Cunliffe Kay, Esq., and his Family," is about equally vile in execution, but is found to have expression and design if you have patience to look at them. "Alexander J. Mitchell, Esq." (with a background which we presume to be the Crimean trenches), has an air of better execution; but the tone of colour and management of the shadows belong to no natural effect that we can recall. The oil-pictures contributed by our other master of miniature, Sir W. C. Ross, are not, we understand, the work of the past year, but of a much older date. They are somewhat dingy in tone—perhaps through age; in other respects, honourable works, worthy of so cunning a hand.

Landscape looks less conspicuous than usual in the Academy—we scarcely know why. Probably the actual proportion may indeed be somewhat smaller; but many of the best men are at their best, and the Exhibition abounds in faithful—often excellent and beautiful—studies. Mr. Anthony has not for some years exhibited so splendid and powerful a work as his "Twilight." It has all the old massiveness, grasp, and intensity. A large seuds the silent darkling river under a mild crescent moon, with a timid halo about it. The barns and haystacks retire into dusk; a dark tree rises upright and solid against the sky; a willow is warm in the dying light, which shines upon the face of the girl underneath it. From the west the orange light recedes, but seems still to triumph; a couple of quiet cows are motionless in the meadow-grass; a church-spire in the distance fixes the eye. It is a perfect transcript of the repose and richness of an English summer twilight. "The Sweet Spring Time," though less striking, is hardly less beautiful. The bed of the shallow brook, ruddy brown under the shadow of the trees—the misty glimpse of azure through the grey sky, billowed with palely lighted clouds—are most true and enjoyable. Mr. Stanfield is at the acme of his skill and easy picturesqueness—to look for passion or depth in him were gratuitous. "Old Holland" is very delicate and agreeable—too much so, indeed, for we want something more tough in this wave-worn pier-head. The rippled white light on the shallow sea in "the Hollands Diep—Tide making," is excellently true in its colourless grey way. Mr. Creswick, again, we like better than usual of late years. He never paints real colour now, but only a grey ghost of real colour, yet he has grace and pleasant knowledge of nature. "A Mountain Torrent—Morning," is striking for Mr. Creswick, but sinks into insipidity if we call up the real thing before our mind's eye. "A Rocky Devonshire stream," and "the Road by a Highland Lake," are sweet filterings of nature through a calm eye and a ready hand. Mr. Oakes this year has as much gentleness as Mr. Creswick, with an incomparably closer and fuller aim after truth. "The Warren" is singular as an example of a picture painted wholly in clear pallid light. There is scarcely any body of shade in it, except the furze-bush dark against the sky. The sea—one knows not whether to call it rather grey, green, or blue—vanishing into the white sky at the horizon line, is beautifully expressed. "Maldreath Sands—Rain passing off," is a work of still more importance, incomparably more variety, and equal truth, though perhaps not quite so thoroughly brought together. Mr. Linnell's "Wheatfield" is conspicuous among the landscapes. The fine cloud effect in the middle distance—the delicate haze of the upland slope—the sharp, sunlit distinctness of the hedge-row tree in the corner—together with the vigorous accuracy of the foreground—make a picture which combines the atmospheric effects of the older school with the solid, painstaking work of the new. The only drawback of this fine picture is that it scarcely represents the level, solid continuity of a spread of ripened corn-land. Mr. Danby is bad in "Ulysses at the Court of Alcinoüs," and abominable in "the Death of Abel;" "A Smuggler's Cove" is one of his gloomy lurid pictures, with a sense of the sea's terrible in it, and a better human group than usual. Mr. Roberts's two Venetian views have his accustomed merits in full measure; but he sees the Duca Palace through an atmosphere of lead and grime which would disgrace the Thames at Poplar. The most exceptionally excellent landscape of all is "The Stonebreaker," by Mr. Brett. Pre-Raphaelite pictures of much higher aim and standard have been painted, but none of more finished achievement within its limits. The white-and-tan dog worrying the stone-breaking boy's scap, the thistle-bush all in white down, the chalk hill-side—tree-clad in patches, and bald in patches—and the blue distance—are altogether extraordinary in clear assertion of the facts of form and colour, though there is rather too little space in the first, and too much coldness in the second. The mechanical persistence also with which the stonebreaker plods through his work, is excellently given. After

this, Mr. Brett may do almost what he chooses in the way of direct representation.

Of un conspicuous works, generally placed out of convenient notice, but replete with truth and delicacy, we must specify the following:—An admirable ridge of green breakers by Mr. Holliday, "Darlestone Bay, near Swanage, Dorsetshire;" and "Swanage" itself, very exact. "Kittywake Gulls on their Nests," by Mr. Moore, and "A White Calm after Thunder-showers," are exceedingly good, and with a fine surface of receding sea. We must also draw attention to the nice management of the red tiles in Mr. Boyce's "Farm-house in Surrey," and of the rising banks, with clear greens of grass, and oranges of earth, in his "Heath-side in Surrey, an Autumn Study"—the tenderness, utter literality, and yet solemn general feeling of Mr. Davis's "Young Trespassers"—the pretty arrangement and precise faithfulness of Mr. A. J. Lewis's "Reapers' Nursery"—and the "Mystic Circles, Stonehenge," by Mr. MacCallum, with weird tendrils of vapour among the gigantic stones, and a sickly yellow gleam in the sky, where the sun struggles behind clouds. "Near Kenmare, Ireland," by Mr. G. Shalders, crowds a great deal of study, art, and grand landscape-beauty into a very small space. The rich blue sea and scattered sheep of Mr. Fenn's "Lulworth Cove," also deserve notice. "The old Monastic Mill which stood beneath Arundel Castle," by Mr. Dearmer, is simple in material, powerful in effect, with true light and liquid darkness over it. A prosaic, but real and strong view by Mr. J. M. Carrick, is entitled "Near Great Marlow, Bucks." The style of the two junior Linnells is verging towards that of their father; but there is more matter and satisfaction to be got out of the father's work this year than from that of either of the sons, who are trying to do nature "as like as it can stare," and losing in refinement what they gain in force.

The really remarkable animal pictures number no more than three, contributed by two painters. Of these, one is of course Sir Edwin Landseer. Spite of the bad news of this distinguished master's health, his largest work (which, being a chalk-drawing, we do not speak further about here) shows nothing but power in its most unimpaired development. The oil-picture of "The Maid and the Magpie" is a little blunt and blank in its manner of painting, but hardly more so than Sir Edwin has deliberately become for the last half-dozen years or so; while in grace of action and movement, realization of animal character, and genial strength, it is the same as ever. The other painter whom we refer to is credited in the catalogue with the strange name of "Rosarius." Whoever he may be, Rosarius has painted the most wonderful of dozing tabby-cats, the most inexhaustible of hay-litters, and the most bucolic of frayed red waistcoats. For minute touch, and as much truth as that will realize (with something more into the bargain, the capacity for which is indicated), we recollect nothing quite to match this.

The last picture which we shall mention at the Academy is the "Chelsea Interior" of Mr. Tait, which many will know, and many others may guess, to be the drawing-room of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Himself is there, with eyelids lowered, intent on the world-wondrous operation of filling his long clay pipe—Mrs. Carlyle, in wrong retiring perspective, sits a little further back. This work will be incalculably precious one day. Our children's children will look not with indifference upon the cottage piano, the coloured tiles of the fire-place, the little shelf of books, the glimpse into the back room, and the closet out of that, with a green tree-top or two outside, the clock, the canary, the poodle not chidden off the sofa, the old-fashioned rose-papering, and the frightful "ornamental" table-cloth. As a work of art, the picture appears to us to sin grievously in perspective; otherwise it is exceedingly real and careful, and very agreeable, as well as true, in subdued tone.

Our minor oil exhibitions are closed or verging towards their close. They have been, on the whole, foreshadowings of the tone of mind and work apparent in the Royal Academy—which sets itself to do a thing with some thought and purpose, but scanty invention, and does it to the best of its power. This has especially been the case with the National Institution; less with the British Artists—a very miserable exhibition in the main—and least with the British Institution, which is the stronghold of the old nonsense and self-conceit. This gallery is already closed for the present season. Its pictures worthy of record were two small but admirable dog-subjects by Landseer; a "Vale of the Dee," by Mr. Oakes; a domestic subject named "Grandame's Hope," by Mr. Clark, of little interest on its own account, although of much on account of the ability and promise which it confirmed; and the large allegorical "Pursuit of Pleasure," by Mr. Noel Paton, so loudly trumpeted a year or two ago in Edinburgh. Of all these artists we have spoken in connexion with their Academy pictures, and we shall not therefore further dwell upon them. A large city landscape by Mr. Dawson, "The New Houses of Parliament," had knowledge, effect, and some grandeur, calculated to make many people look upon London as a more ideal place than they had thought it. A small French picture by M. Yves de St. Martin, "Un Cercle au 18me Siècle," had a life of fashionable ease and frivolity in it worthy of a Frenchman bent upon the traditions of Watteauism.

The National Institution shares with the Suffolk-street Exhibition in a predominance of landscape, tolerably observant in the first instance, and continually practised with a facility which does not wait long to degenerate into mechanism; and it derives

a distinctive character besides from domestic pictures supplied by a knot of young men who are on the sure road to advance and reputation, though hardly of the most brilliant kind. Of one among them, Mr. Morten, we have strong hopes. He has both quickness and originality of perception, and puts down his notions upon canvas with a corresponding vivacity of style, which it only depends upon himself to elevate by consistent finish. His "Painting from Nature out of doors" in a fishing-village which besets the victimized artist with every available discordance of sound and sight, hits its point so well, and reaches it so readily, as to be an excellent thing. Messrs. Smallfield (who paints chiefly in water-colours), Rossiter, and Moore, in his figure-subjects, are less vivid and self-confident, which induces them to paint more thoroughly. What they paint from is always evidently nature; but they seem unable to do otherwise than paint after something or some one also. All are pupils of pre-Raffaëlitism—and satellites, Mr. Moore of Hook, Mr. Smallfield of Hook and William Hunt, Mr. Rossiter of Hunt, as interpreted by Smallfield. This is not a great phase of mind or art, nor will it produce great things; but it is producing good things, and will follow them up with better. Mr. Rossiter especially is a singular instance of the advantage of being set once for all in the right way. His first pictures, dating some six or seven years ago, seemed utterly dead and hopeless; but now he has colour, handling, fair design and expression, and is progressing towards character. His picture of "Village Coquette" is the most considerable among all of its class at the National Institution, and though not quite the best, has noticeably good points. Mr. Marks, who has a shrewd dry humour of his own which places him on a higher natural level, chimes nearly in with this trio in style. His "Egyptian Hieroglyphics—a Fish out of Water," presents a rustic in the Egyptian Room of the British Museum, receiving therefrom through his wide-open eyes that amount of intellectual edification which might be expected. Mr. Moore above-mentioned has made, in landscape, a very daring attempt at the real colour and play of light in country sunshine, under the title, "A Coast Woodland, North Devon"—an attempt such as we may venture to say was never so much as thought of till within the last few years, and here repaid by a large amount of honourable success. Less emphatic in aim, but reaching much farther in beauty, are the Welsh mountain and valley landscapes of Mr. Whaite. They have a tenderness and harmony of colour—pale, bright, and mysterious, and always pitched to some genuine key of nature—which promise, we trust, the least distant approximation yet witnessed to the glories of Turner.

At the Suffolk-street Exhibition, the only oil-pictures deserving special mention are those of Mr. Campbell. The man who wants truth, character, and faithful work, will never be disappointed in this artist. The man who wants beauty must go elsewhere, or, at any rate, wait Mr. Campbell's leisure a year or two longer; for we think there is a capacity in him for feeling and eventually realizing beauty—only that as yet the mere pains which he takes in realization leave it slipped through his fingers. "The Wife's Remonstrance" represents a poacher and his wife and child. The man has been a fine hearty fellow in his time, but he is subsiding into the slouching, sulky, workless condition, unless something pulls him up sharp. The wife is one of those who would work her fingers to the bone, and gladly, so that she could make her home a happy one. She has been picking up faggots, which drop from her apron as she seizes her husband's hand; her face is hollow with watching, hard life, and trouble of mind. It is just the turn of the scale whether the man will leave his evil ways or not. All this is powerfully told, and in a way to make every one see it—and feel it, too—at once. The smaller picture, "A Visit to the old Sailor"—a sea-side group of a youth and his little sister down for the fresh air and bathing, who repeat a favourite visit to an old sailor, who yarns to them in his boat-house, between the whiffs of his black pipe—is still further elaborated in execution, and makes a great deal, in the way which only a genuine painter can, of the slight materials of shadowed group and shining sands. The unsatisfactory face of the little girl renews our regret at the want of beauty in Mr. Campbell's pictures; but, beauty or no beauty, he is a sterling, thorough painter, whose works never fail to interest us.

The experiment of an Exhibition of pictures and other works by female artists, begun last year, is repeated now, with an air of improved capacities and prospects. Our best wishes go with it; and we are quite certain that art can and ought to be, to a considerable extent, practised to advantage by women. How far, it is difficult to say, and we would rather not blunder over the horoscope. That women have never yet taken a position in art is, in a certain sense, no argument against their doing so when they make up their minds; but in another sense, it is an argument. The real born artist reveals himself by scratching and scribbling, through good report and evil report, almost as soon as he can hold a pencil, his absurd childish notions, and his dislocated perceptions—his soldiers and men in armour, dogs and cats, men smoking pipes, and cottages with smoke coming out of their chimneys. He insists upon colouring engravings, and drawing moustachios to smooth lips. That is the way the individual male artist shows forth, and the whole male-artist genus; and it may fairly be suggested that, if there were to be a female-artist genus under present favourable circumstances, there would have been under the past too, however unfavourable. We do not say it is so—we hope it may prove otherwise; but the plea is at least plausible. Per contra, it may be urged that there is scarcely a male

painter living who can paint so forcibly as Rosa Bonheur; and in England too—not to speak of the many who are delicate in feeling and manner—we have powerful lady-painters, such as the Misses Mutrie and Mrs. Wells. The net result, if we abstain from forecasting, is that we have no evidence as yet of imaginative power in art among women, proportionate to that of men; but some evidence of proportionate painting power as soon as the women choose to exercise and assert it, and abundant proof of the power to represent agreeably and suggestively.

In this condition of female art, it is not surprising that the oil-pictures in this Exhibition are scarcely so prominent a section of it as the water-colours. Miss Blunden's "Emigrant" is the most valuable figure-subject, and so sweetly and earnestly subdued in feeling—so much the work of a woman—as to be genuinely beautiful. The emigrant girl weeps with hidden face at the vessel's side which bears her away through a calm steady sea from the fair English sunset. Mrs. Blackburn—deservedly famous by her designs of the animals of the Bible—has a picture of sea-gulls, and another of the Glasgow fire-brigade, excellently true and vigorous, and only wanting some purity and brilliancy of colour, which perhaps may come with the mastery over the material. There are pleasant Linnellish landscapes by ladies of the Linnell family—others very sweet and delicate by Mrs. Brown—a window-glimpse of twilight sky, meadow, and copse, seen with poetic eyes by Miss Howitt—and portraits with perception and stuff in them by Miss Sinnett and Miss Fox.

We have now exhausted the list of the English oil-pictures of mark sufficient for our present purpose, which of course, as before intimated, passes in silence many of merit—even conspicuous merit sometimes, and oftener no less real, though unobtrusive. A foreign picture and a foreign exhibition will complete our review.

We are almost tempted to say that the picture is only *half* foreign, for it is by an American, bone of our bone; but Brother Jonathan might be inclined to calculate that it is pretty considerable impudence in the Britisher, after ignoring American art altogether for years, to "annex" the first admirable picture which it produces for his inspection. For admirable it is—this painting by Mr. Church of the "Falls of Niagara." Britisher and miscellaneous "stranger" may try to beat it, and be baffled in their endeavour. The attempt is in itself, we need hardly say, extraordinary, involving as it does so vast a multiplicity of water effects—foam, flash, rush, dark depth, turbidity, clearness, curling, lashing, shattering, and a hundred more. All this is done; and the manner in which Mr. Church does it is perhaps still more noteworthy than the fact. He never gives a hieroglyphic for anything—never affects the fine frenzy, and calls upon the beholder to believe in it, and see in it more than the painter can tell in precise words. Whatever he professes, he *does*. It is all a matter of sober weighing of difficulties, resolute study how they are to be conquered, and resolute straightforward work in conquering them, open to no misinterpretation. Mr. Church does not seem to trouble his head much about artistic style; but this is a good sound piece of style nevertheless. A commonplace dexterous artist would not be ashamed of it—a thorough manly artist would claim it with satisfaction. We congratulate America upon having such a painter as Mr. Church, and upon knowing his value, as we hear she does.

The French Exhibition of 1858, the fifth of the series, is an extremely good one in its average. There is nothing in it to fix quite so much attention, however, as the *pièces de résistance* of former collections. But with the same force as its predecessors, it reads English art a lesson of preparation, discipline, capabilities well tested and well applied. There are a number of mistakes abroad among Englishmen regarding French art, which these exhibitions cannot but tend to correct, if correction be possible. One is, that there is no such thing as French landscape—another, that French art is unnatural and affected. There has been a more or less solid foundation for these opinions; but it is altered now—*Nous avons changé tout cela*. A very true school of French landscape exists, solemn and full (very slightly represented, by-the-by, in the present exhibition); and, for genuine natural truth of representation and arrangement, broad, firm, and unmitigated, we think the French—barring the attention to detailed realization of detail—are at least a match for the English. We recommend those who doubt it to look—with a determination not to allow their preconceptions to carry them away—at the pictures of Trayer and Veyrassat especially. Look at "A Market-day in Brittany," and say whether the arrangement, the lighting, the incidents, the expressions, the *tout ensemble*, are not curiously true. Look at the perfect expression and utter absence of affectation, or even manner, in "the Convalescent"—at Veyrassat's plain green rise of hill-side in "the Noontide Meal," with the boy's head cutting against the horizon, and the screen of trees by the slope—or at the absolute "principle of non-intervention" with natural grouping and posing carried out by the same painter in "the Gleaners." We do not say that these works (or rather the first, third, and fourth of them) are specimens of an entirely right application of art, for though we enjoy their literality and *laissez-faire*, we know there is something to be urged on the other side which we leave untouched at present. But we do say that they are singularly true, in a degree not easily matchable in the British or any other school—that their truth, carried almost to a fault, is not essentially affected by any peculiarity of national style which they display—and that they

are only specimens of a strong body of French art, and remotely of the present tendency of the whole school.

This simple truth—under a modified form, less starkly true, but not less entirely, and far more exquisite throughout—culminates in the painting of Edouard Frère, which everybody has been talking about since Ruskin said his say upon it last year. We concur in thinking that no praise less energetic than that distinguished writer's is enough for these pictures—that they are, in spirit and in the grace of very truth, utterly beyond whatsoever other art of humble life. All the five he has here are beautiful past words in these respects—especially the "Children shelling Peas" (dated 1855), which is larger, and somewhat more exact to clearness of natural colour, than his other works known in England; "The Milkmaid" of tender years, standing on the doorstep in the snowy dawn, and nursing her poor little hand under her cloak; and "The Little Epicure," whose eyes, mouth, and fingers are equally absorbed in the possession of raspberry-jam. Yet none of these pictures has quite so much of the painter's heart in it as one of a widow and her orphaned daughter, which appeared a few weeks ago in the City, and which we had hoped to see included in this exhibition. It was the perfect acme of domestic painting, speaking a language which nothing but the tenderest poetry could translate into words.

Ary Scheffer sends two more of his interpretations of Faust—"Margaret at the Fountain," and "Faust holding the Poisoned Cup." The second must be pronounced unsatisfactory, and the first not by any means quite satisfying. The expression has depth in it, as the poor betrayed girl turns in pallid helplessness of self-reproach from the unintended jeers of her companions; but the depth is over-refined into calm and classicity till it well nigh neutralizes itself, much in the same way as the painter castigates his colour into nullity. M. Comte is one of the most intense of the many intense French painters of *couleur locale* in historic incident and portraiture. His three works here far exceed the completeness of anything of the same order attempted in England; but even these are not adequate examples of the painter of Henri III. and the Duc de Guise parting to murder and be murdered, after taking the sacrament together. The "Trial of Lady Jane Grey" is the most excellent and thorough of the three. "Benvenuto Cellini receiving the Visit of Francis I." is the most picturesque, with the hammerers behind glowing and sweating as they work in the furnace light, and the court-triflers trooping in to sip and sneer. "Jeanne d'Albret buying the poisoned Gloves" has the finest single point of character in the ghastly face of the death-trading mercer, Jean Paré. The name of Couture is all-potent in France, and potent even in England, chiefly on account of his vast and terrible orgy-picture, "La Décadence des Romains." There is little to be said in favour of his two contributions to London. "The Disconsolate" is merely a naked female painter's model, powerfully designed, but so lurid and diseased in colouring as to be almost repulsive. "The Italian Shepherd," with a great deal of vulgar facility and power of handling, looks like the work of a thoroughly common mind, and a hand commanding nothing but the lowest resources of vigorous practice. The Decamps, entitled "The Zingari," shows nothing of the master's strength, and, without his name to it, would excite no notice whatever. Meissonnier appears in two of his diminutive works—"The Study," and "A Courtier." They are exquisite in telling manipulation—bright and powerful, but not rising to beauty, in colour—the ecstasy of dilettanti, the despair of artists, the ardour of art—worth probably 300*l.* a-piece in the market, and, in real earnest, not worth the trouble expended upon them. The splendid vigour of Alfred Stevens, and the massive strength of his dog-painting brother Joseph, enrich the collection. But the genius of these men, developed very likely by French study, is due by birth to Belgium.

Rosa Bonheur puts forth her power of painting in "The Plough." The oxen tug staunchly, churning their foam; the birds (are they wagtails?) a greedy race of camp-followers, haunt the furrows; the grey dark sky broods in afternoon heat. It is a robust little picture, but only second or third rate for Madlle. Bonheur. "Barbaro," a favourite sporting dog, is incomparably more admirable. Solid, right-ahead study of dog-form could scarcely go farther. The wide set of the legs, and companionable depression of the head, as he leaves his picked bone and awaits his master's patting—the clear, right, unaffected colour—are unimprovable. There are many wonderful animal-painters among the French. We know no one at all equal to Jadin for the impulse and cleansing study of his hunting-scenes, and we wish some of them were made familiar to English eyes. In this gallery, besides Rosa Bonheur, we have the "Turkeys" of her sister Juliette—the living poultry of Couturier—intensely feline cats and aquiline eagles by Deville—nest-birds by Madlle. Micas—and force and character quite startling in the goats, donkeys, geese, and lambs of Palissot.

The landscapes, as we have intimated, are few in number, and but meagre as a sample of the school, though often exceedingly clever. We should very much doubt whether the *look* of Egyptian and Syrian scenery—scorched orange-tawny plains and blue sheets of sky, slightly but very broadly rendered in small dimensions—had ever been quite so typically caught as by Théodore Frère. Lambinet, whose field of varied study includes England, is very fresh and pleasant. Le Hon's "Seashore at Ostend after Rain," is a saddened but spirited aspect of truth; and Zola's large "Constantinople," though effective in its way, is a common specimen of a most picturesque painter.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

It is with sincere pleasure that we announce the appearance of the second volume of Dr. Jost's admirable and exhaustive work upon Judaism and its Sects, to the merits of which we have already called attention. The volume before us* contains the fourth and fifth books—the first of which extends from the destruction of Jerusalem to the Hegira, and the second, from the rise of Islam to the death of the great Maimonides, in December, 1204. The Jews of Germany, who so much excel in that light Disraeli-like sharpness which finds its vent in the *Kladderadatsch* and other comic papers, may indeed be proud of reckoning amongst them the author of this noble monument of impartiality, erudition, and life-long toil.

Another work, very creditable to the Jewish *literati* of our day, is one on the original text and translations of the Bible, as influenced by the inner development of Judaism.† It is the production of Dr. Abraham Geiger, Chief Rabbi of the Synagogue of Breslau, and is well worthy the attention of the higher class of our biblical scholars. It is divided into three parts. The first recounts the history of the Bible, from the return from the Captivity to the time of the Maccabees; the second reaches to the days of Hadrian; while the third points out the reasons of the alterations which crept from time to time into the manuscripts of the Old Testament.

Dr. Daniel Schenkel, of Heidelberg, dissatisfied with the religious philosophy of Schleiermacher, which has, he thinks, coloured all that portion of the recent dogmatic theology of Germany which is not derived from rationalistic sources, has determined to give to the world a *Christliche Dogmatik*‡ of his own, the first volume of which is now in our hands. Eighteen years of professorial duties, and five courses of lectures delivered by him upon the subject about which he now writes, have encouraged Dr. Schenkel to undertake this formidable work. It is hardly of a character to invite the attention of lay readers. Those to whom he looks for popularity are, to use his own words, "earnest-minded and truth-loving students of theology." "The theologian," says Dr. Schenkel, "should fear God, but should never fear truth. A theologian who has never learnt thoroughly to understand, and is consequently unable to explain matters of doctrine, is a warrior without weapons—a soldier without ammunition—in the battle of faith." Whether Dr. Schenkel would not have advanced his object more effectually by an historical or exegetical work, it is not for us to say; but we feel no particular satisfaction in chronicling the addition of another system of dogmatic theology to the many which already exist.

A second edition of that most beautiful and useful work, the *Monuments of Art*§ is now appearing at Stuttgart. The first volume is already before us, and the second will be completed at the end of this year. It forms a complete atlas of art, on the plan first suggested by Kugler's *Handbook*. This first volume commences with the Dolmen of Lomariaber, and Carnac, the French Stonehenge—"the petrified army on the heath of Morbihan"—and concludes with Orcagna's Triumph of Death. An explanatory manual, or catalogue, bound in a different form, accompanies the work, which is one of the best-conceived and best-executed books of reference which we have ever met with. It may, if desired, be procured in numbers. The principal editor is Dr. Lübke, of Berlin. The second volume will extend down to our own times, and will include some of the works of living masters.

A new and very neat edition of König's *Pictorial Life of Luther*|| is a welcome contribution to the literature of the Reformation, and will, we dare say, become a favourite book for the children of many families. The pictures are of very varying merit, but some of them are full of spirit; and we have no doubt that the book will do good, by stamping in the memory of the young the leading features of a life which was, with all its faults, a protest not only against the Roman bigotry of the sixteenth century, but also against the Rationalistic pseudo-Lutheranism of our own day.

A new review was founded last March, at Frankfort, called the *Kritische Monatshefte*.¶ It consists of notices of books about the length of those which appear in this journal. The first number is divided into three departments—the first, containing history, philosophy, biography, and other cognate subjects; the second, discussing novels and romances; while the third is given

to the criticism of poetry. The managers of the work challenge severe opinions, for they begin by finding grievous fault with the reviewers of modern Germany. "Criticism," say they, "is the most wild and desert part of the whole of German literature. It is not the place of order and discipline, but of boundless want of discipline and arbitrary power." The general tone of the criticism of this new band of literary *shirri* seems to be severe. This will do no harm. The productive force of German thought will be diminished by no criticism; and some of the minor products of the literary activity of our neighbours—as, for example, the works of the smaller lyrists, the so-called *Kleindichter-Schule*—might, with considerable advantage to the community, receive some check. We wish success to this new periodical. It is more readable, and less severely learned, than the *Literarisches Central-Blatt*, and the writing seems up to the mark of the better German papers.

In the small and agreeably-written little book called *Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim*,* M. Dorer has told the story of a German poetess of the dark ages, whose name will be new to many of our readers. Her works, composed in Latin, were discovered in a Benedictine monastery near Ratisbon, by Conrad Celtes, in the days of Maximilian I. She was the contemporary of Otho I., whose deeds she celebrated in a poem. Nearly 600 years had passed between her death and the day when her poems came into the hand of the enthusiastic Celtes. It is true that modern research has shown that this worthy man knew less of the history of his own country than of the works of classical antiquity, when he pronounced the tenth century to be an age of absolute barbarism. Still, the nun of Gandersheim, the mother of the German drama, must have been a person of no ordinary merit. Her descent was not noble, and her place of birth is not known. M. Dorer decides, from internal evidence, that it must have been near the shores of the North Sea. Even her true name remained long a secret. It seems now settled that it is the Latinised form of the name Hruodawind—that is, mighty voice. Prettier, if less true, was the old explanation which made it, after the analogy of Swanwit and Sonenwit, mean *white rose*. "This rose bloomed in the quiet convent garden. The red rose of the Minnesingers and of the chivalric poetry was to burst into blossom later amongst the castles of the knights on the high hill-sides." The controversy between Gottsched and the French critics recalled the attention of her countrymen and of Europe, in the middle of last century, to this forgotten authoress; and M. Dorer's work will do much to extend her fame, and make many comply with the wish which she expresses in the following lines:—

Sagte, wer immer mein Lied durchliest, mit liebendem Glauben:
"Ewig' Herr, gedanke in Huld der schwachen Roswitha,
"Lass der Dichterin Geist, die deine erhabenen Wunder
"Sang, in dem himmlischen Chor mit höherem Liede dich preisen!"

We lately noticed a very elaborate Life of Mozart. The first volume of a similar biography of Händel† has this spring been published in Leipzig.

The object of M. Vernaleken in collecting his *Alpensagen*‡ was neither to amuse children nor to please novel readers. The book, although small and unpretending, is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the early mythology of Europe. The author has travelled through most of the Alpine valleys between Berne and Vienna, and makes it his pride to give us the legends which he heard from their inhabitants without alteration or adornment. A similar work, we observe, has been, or is about to be, published upon Transylvania by two other writers. Bohemia and Moravia offer a field of investigation which is still unexplored, and would certainly well repay examination.

Victoria Regia§ is the title which its author has given to a sort of lyrical drama, written to celebrate the marriage of Prince Frederick William of Prussia and the Princess Royal. This production obtained a prize—by whom offered does not appear. Minerva, Mercury, Prussian and English soldiers, Tritons, Nereids, and many other personages, take part in the action of the piece, which commences on the "rocky coast of England at the mouth of the Thames." On this rocky coast, the *Victoria Regia* is growing in great perfection, with large leaves and half-unfolded leaf-buds.

THE LYRICS OF IRELAND.||

SOME men are born editors—some achieve editorship—and some have editorship thrust upon them. The last is Mr. Lover's hard case, as he pathetically points out in his preface. It was only "repeated requests, and arguments which his love of country could not resist, that overcame his reluctance to engage in editorial duty." Our sympathy may not afford him much consolation, but we must say that we too, though our reasons may not be identical with his, deplore the undue influence

* *Geschichte des Judenthums und seiner Sekten*. Von Dr. J. M. Jost. Leipzig: Dörffling und Franke. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Urschrift und Uebersetzungen der Bibel in ihrer Abhängigkeit von der innern Entwicklung des Judenthums*. Von Dr. Abraham Geiger. Breslau: Julius Hainauer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Gewissens aus dargestellt*, von Dr. Daniel Schenkel, Wiesbaden. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *Denkmäler der Kunst*. Neue Ausgabe in zwei Bänden. Stuttgart. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

|| *Dr. Martin Luther, der Deutsche Reformator*. In bildlichen Darstellungen von Gustav König. Stuttgart: Besser. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Kritische Monatshefte zur Förderung der Wahrheit bei literar. Besprechungen*. Frankfurt-am-Main: Meidinger. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

* *Roswitha, die Nonne aus Gandersheim*. Von Edmund Dorer. Aarau: Sauerländer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *G. F. Händel*. Von Friedrich Chrysander. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Alpensagen, Volksüberlieferungen aus der Schweiz, aus Vorarlberg, Kärnten, Steiermark, Salzburg, Ober und Niederösterreich*. Von Theodor Vernaleken. Wien. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *Victoria Regia festspiel zur Feier der Vermählung der Königl. Hoheit des Prinzen Friedrich-Wilhelm von Preussen mit Ihrer Königl. Hoheit der Prinzessin Victoria von Grossbritannien*. Von Adolar Gerhard. Leipzig: Gerhard. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

|| *The Lyrics of Ireland*. Edited and Annotated by Samuel Lover. London: Houlston and Wright. 1858.

brought to bear upon him, and the unfair advantage taken of his too generous patriotism. For our part, we should have been quite content had he been allowed to follow those pursuits in which he has already distinguished himself; but unfortunately, as Falstaff observes, it was always the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If anything can temper the regret we feel, it is the reflection that Mr. Lover cannot possibly take amiss any observations we may make upon the manner in which he has performed the duties of an office so forced upon him. His own good sense will show him that when we tax him with bad taste, carelessness, inefficiency, or other editorial shortcomings, the real weight of the censure falls upon those who placed him in his present disagreeable position. No doubt many persons will consider the publishers' choice of an editor quite unexceptionable. If ever Mr. Layard's saw about the right man was peculiarly applicable, it might seem to be in the present instance, when a collection of Irish Lyrics appears under the auspices of the author of "Molly Bawn" and "Rory O'More." We cannot, however, coincide in opinion with these good-natured optimists. In the first place, we deny the truth of the implied proposition that a popular song-writer must make a good editor of a collection of national songs. In fact, we rather incline to the idea that his vocation unfits him for a task in the execution of which poetical or musical merit is a matter of secondary importance, while the main object should be to select what is characteristic, and to represent as fully as possible every phase of a nation's genius in this particular province of poetry. In the second place, even if we had any doubt as to the general rule, we should have none whatever about Mr. Lover's being pre-eminently an exception to it—at least as far as Irish songs are concerned. All his antecedents are unfavourable to success in such an undertaking as this. He has identified himself with those Irish *littérateurs* who have always preferred to treat Ireland and all things Irish from the purely popular point of view, and, despising fact, have betaken themselves to an *ad captandum* ideal of their own, by a judicious use of which they have been enabled to set up as depictees of the national character. This is not the place to protest against the Mickey Frees and Handy Andys of the so-called Irish novelists, and even if it were, we do not feel disposed to do so. With Mr. Lover, the Coryphaeus of the school, it is impossible to quarrel seriously. He might, indeed, be brought up on the charge of not having made the best use of his unquestionably great powers, but the case would be pretty sure to be dismissed with laughter; and, although Mr. Lover's prose works are totally destitute of the fun, dash, and pathos that prepossess us in his rival's favour, they are not of a description that renders it worth while to pass any severe censure on them. This much, however, we will say—that, with the stories of Carleton and the novels of Gerald Griffin before us, we must deny Mr. Lover's claim to be considered a true painter of Irish life or a true exponent of Irish feeling. His appearance in his present character shows the necessity for some such protest, though no doubt his renown as one of the national poets of Ireland was the main cause of his being involved with the responsibility of collecting the songs of his country.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lover's performances in the capacity just alluded to are by no means calculated to inspire confidence in his editorial effectiveness. To analyse completely his poetical position, it would be necessary to divide him into two. We may say that he issues himself to the public as a "Comic and Sentimental Songster"—two parts in one—after the manner of the "Little Warblers," "Nigger Melodists," "Vauxhall Vocalists," and other popular purveyors of minstrelsy, who, believing that "the springs of rosy laughter lie beside the well of tears" (as one of their own poets has said), make a point of deftly mingling *seria cum joci*. But we have no need just now of such elaborate criticism or subtle distinctions; and, indeed, after all, we may say of Mr. Lover's comic and sentimental poems what Plutarch says when comparing the characters of Cæsar and Pompey—they certainly are very much alike, especially the sentimental. All we have got to do with them is to consider their relation to Ireland, since now, it seems, they have elevated their author to the rank of the representative poet of that country. Looking at them from this point of view, we do not hesitate to say that vulgarity is their leading characteristic. We need scarcely say that we do not mean that vulgarity which offends by coarseness. There is a vulgarity still worse, because less open and undisguised—the genteel vulgarity of which a weak distrust of the truth is the essence, false ornament the manifestation, and an opera peasant in pink satin shorts and cambric shirt-sleeves the type. It is to be found in abundance in Mr. Lover's Irish songs, as well as in those of the congenial writers who fill the music publishers' windows with "Emigrant's Laments," "Terence's Farewells," and the tastefully got-up woes and wooings of sundry Dermots, Kathleens, and Norahs. The nature of these productions is in general very aptly illustrated by the lithograph on the cover. Terence's frieze coat is superfine Saxony—Dermot's brogues are made by Hoby—Kathleen has dressed her hair with bandoline—and Norah is preparing to strike some wild anthem on one of Erard's best double-action harps. The language and sentiments of the verse are constructed upon precisely the same principle, except, indeed, where, for the sake of local colour, we have a blunder slipped in between two jokes or touches of sham pathos—a sort of vocal sandwich believed to be essentially Irish, and served out very freely by Mr. Lover to his readers as "that mixture of fun and feeling so strongly blended in the Irish

character." This phrase occurs in a note in which Mr. Lover describes how he first became aware of a call to write Irish songs in general, and "Rory O'More" in particular. Speaking of the songs that were popular in the mouth of the stage Irishman half a century ago, he says he felt them to be coarse and vulgar, and full of pigs, pokers, "hurroos," and "Whack fol de rols," and being asked if he could do better, "Rory O'More" was the answer. In some respects it was an answer, inasmuch as it is not coarse, nor yet vulgar in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and does not contain a single pig or poker. So far, it certainly is an improvement on the old model, and we should be quite disposed to acquiesce in its eligibility to rank with the "Araby Maid," the "Indian Widow's Death Song," the "Siberian Shepherd's Evening Hymn," and those lyrics which, in spite of their names, do not seriously lay claim to local habitation.

But this, it appears, will not satisfy Mr. Lover. He insists on our accepting it as bearing what he calls elsewhere the true stamp of nationality. He thus puts his work upon a totally different footing, and elects to be tried by totally different canons of criticism; and therefore he must not be taken aback if he finds that, in the judgment of all who know anything of the dialect, feeling, or humour of the Irish peasantry, the nationality of "Rory O'More" is on a par with that of the wooden Highlander outside a tobaccoist's shop. The same is true, even to a greater extent, of his songs "Molly Carew," "The Low-backed Car," "The Birth of St. Patrick," and several others, the consideration of which makes us doubt whether he has rendered his country any real service in superseding the lyrics of the old pig-and-poker school. Nobody seriously believes that the inhabitants of Central Africa wear abnormal shirt collars, and express joy by belabouring themselves with a tambourine, although the Ethiopian serenaders indulge in such practices. But if a specious gentleman were to appear among us, and gravely announce himself as an authentic Timbuctoo minstrel, there is no knowing how much apocryphal ethnology he might propagate. In short, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Lover made a great mistake in ever attempting anything beyond trim ditties in the Moore's melody style. In compositions like "The Angel's Whisper" and "The Land of the West," which tickle the ear and convey a general sensation of prettiness and neatness, without demanding any mental exertion for their comprehension, he is quite at home. He is, in fact, a sort of cheap Moore. What the piano did for Moore in the way of popularizing his melodies, the barrel organ does for Mr. Lover, and the two instruments very fairly represent the respective merits of the two poets.

In all probability, no one would be more surprised at such an estimate of his powers than Mr. Lover himself. He has been so long persuading himself of the genuineness of his nationality, that no doubt he has come to believe in it at last, and the present volume may be taken as a proof of his sincerity. With a certain modification of circumstances, this belief would not be a mere superstition; and if the late Vauxhall Gardens were Ireland, and Messrs. Samuel Lover, Barney Williams, and Hudson constituted the Irish people, the work before us would be a very fair collection of the national lyrics. But as things are, it does not represent anything except Mr. Lover's views on the subject. It is true he has observed a becoming modesty with respect to his own productions. "I have abstained," he says, "from inserting many of my own songs in this collection, to avoid the suspicion of parental preference;" so we have only thirty from his pen—which is nearly one eighth of the whole, not more than double the number supplied by Gerald Griffin, the next most liberal contributor—and just ten times the quantity selected from the poems of the late Thomas Davis. But then, as *revanche*, he has done ample justice to his own school of poetry, the genteel comico-sentimental, of which "Terence's Farewell," the first song in the collection, is a fair example. He is not, however, so wedded to this as to be incapable of seeing merit elsewhere. Indeed, the catholicity of his taste is remarkable, and would deserve the highest praise, only that it has displayed itself in every direction except the right one. In making his selection, he seems to have been guided by the external circumstances which may connect a song with Ireland rather than by the internal signs of Irish nationality. Thus, because Cherry was born in Limerick, the "Bay of Biscay" is an Irish lyric; and so is "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen," Sheridan having been an Irishman by blood. On the other hand, we have Colman's "Looney Mactwelter" and Ingoldsbys Barham's "Cecoration" inserted, because the authors chose to put them into the mouths of ideal Irishmen; and Mr. S. C. Hall's song of the "Blarney" is placed, not on account of its title, which is perhaps remotely Hibernian, but for the very sufficient reason that Mr. S. C. Hall married an Irish lady. Something might be said, too, about Mr. Lover's ideas as to what a lyric is, for they seem to be peculiar. On this head, however, we will not consider too curiously, as the best things in the book—Mr. Ferguson's noble "Forging of the Anchor" for instance—owe their presence to the editor's vagueness on the subject. Nor is it worth while to upbraid him with trifling inaccuracies, such as putting Blackwood Bay on the Sligo coast, and stating that Passage is now called Queenstown, as he does in two places. Yet, perhaps, the latter mistake is providential; for if Mr. Lover had been better informed, no power could have withheld him from making the old joke about the decease of the Cove of Cork—at least

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His worst sins are those of omission, not of commission. Granted that there may be objections to such a song as "The night before Larry was stretched"—though, after all, it is characteristic and far less vulgar than "Katty Mooney," "Barney Brallaghan," and others in the present collection—why should so fine a drinking-song, and one so thoroughly Irish, as Curran's "If sadly thinking" be omitted? What reason can the editor give for not having inserted so old, popular, and eminently national a song as "The County of Mayo?" How does it happen that we miss Thomas Davis's spirit-stirring "Fontenoy," his "Boatman of Kinsale," his "Welcome?" We merely mention these as being pieces which already occur in several books of Irish songs, and are familiar to every one who knows anything of the poetry of Ireland. Yet, strange to say, they are wanting in this voluminous and elaborately got-up collection of the lyrics of that country. As to the non-appearance of the three last, we have, indeed, internal evidence which explains the difficulty. In his remarks on historical and political songs, Mr. Lover takes up his parable with more vigour than candour against the Young Ireland party, because "they cautioned the people of Ireland that Moore had corrupted their melodies—that was the word—corrupted. Careful patriots! But they also begged to assure the world they had no desire to 'run down Mr. Moore.' The phrase might move indignation, were it not more provocative of laughter." The remarks which Mr. Lover has here garbled occur in an essay from the pen of the late Thomas Davis, published with his name, but probably unknown to most readers. And as they show Mr. Lover to be, if not ingenuous, at least ingenious, we give them in full. Mr. Davis, after stating that Moore is "perfect in the expression of the softer feelings, and unrivalled even by Burns in many of his gay songs," goes on to say that "he is often deficient in vehemence, does not speak the sterner passions, spoils some of his finest songs by pretty images, is too refined and subtle in his dialect, and too negligent of narrative. But to prove these assertions would take too great space, and perhaps lead some one to think we wished to run down Moore. He is immeasurably our greatest poet, and the greatest lyricist, except Burns and Béranger, that ever lived; but he has not given songs to the middle and poor classes of Irish." He then turns to the consideration of Irish airs, and especially of those to which Moore adapted words:—"Here we would give two cautions—first, that the airs used in Moore's *Melodies* are very corrupt, and should never be used for the study of Irish music." No doubt the reader is puzzled to account for Mr. Lover's bitterness. In the first place, the criticism on Moore, which he has managed to condense into a meek, is in reality only too favourable; and in the second, if any individual is alluded to as having corrupted the old Irish music, it is Sir John Stevenson, and not Moore, and that the airs in the *Melodies* are corrupt is a patent fact. At any rate, the writer's meaning is made perfectly clear by a subsequent remark; but first there come a few words which explain the whole:—"This is even more true of *Lover's tunes*. There is no need of using them, for Bunting's and Holden's collections are cheaper, and contain the pure settings." Thus, then, because his own little vanity is hurt, Mr. Lover wreaks a noble revenge by falsifying the words and misrepresenting the meaning of the man who, as he conceives, has injured him. The offence would be great in any case, but it becomes almost a crime when the injury is inflicted on the memory of one who, however erroneous his theories may have been, is at least entitled to respect as a true patriot and a true poet, and ought to have the love of every Irishman. Of a truth, it seems as if Mr. Lover, ever ready to prander to the popular notions about his countrymen, wished to endorse in his own person the statement which represents them as—

Fighting like devils for conciliation,
And hating one another for the love of God.

After this, of course, mere editorial misdemeanours are tame. Still there is one omission which we cannot pass over in silence, as it justifies, and more than justifies, what we have said about Mr. Lover's inability to recognise the true national element in Irish poetry. In this large collection he has not inserted a single song of Mr. Allingham's. He has not even once alluded to that gentleman. For Mr. Allingham this may be perhaps a fortunate circumstance, but it is by no means so for those who take up the present volume in the hope of learning something about Irish lyrics. Not to speak of his other merits, if ever there was a poet who, by painstaking and successful study of the feeling and idiom of his country, deserved the title of national, it is Mr. Allingham; and this no doubt is the reason of his absence from Mr. Lover's artificial Parnassus. We almost wish we had space to print his "Mary Donnelly," and the editor's "Molly Carew," side by side in double columns, for we believe that nothing could illustrate better the difference between true and false Irishisms in humour, dialect, and feeling. Another poet of the same class—who, though represented in the collection, has not justice done to him—is Mr. Ferguson. We have already mentioned his "Forging of the Anchor," which, though not a lyric at all, is one of the redeeming features of the book. The greater number of his contributions are translations from the Irish, which, bearing ample testimony to his taste and power of versification, give no idea of the energy and strength of his original poems. There is, however, one writer who cannot com-

plain—Mr. Lever. For the first time the songs scattered through his stories appear collected together, and as we read again the rollicking or serio-comic ditties of our old friend Mr. Free, we cannot help suspecting that the author is not aware of his own powers as a song writer. There are few gifts so rare as that of writing verse that sings itself, so to speak. This Mr. Lever possesses in perfection, and we think he might find a more effective field for it than in the composition of incidental jivalities for his novels.

DANTE.*

PROFESSOR DE VERICOUR has done good service to the reading public in preparing a compendious biography of Dante. The book was wanted in itself, for the tendency of those who understand the poet at all has commonly been to write commentaries which only those who were already acquainted with his works could appreciate. And it was necessary to connect the poet with his contemporaries—to show how Francesca di Rimini and Ugolino had actually lived and suffered before their countryman opened the gates of Hell to the spectacle of their agony and to compassion. M. de Vericour has attempted even more than this. He has sketched briefly, but on the whole well, the framework of the marvellous drama; and he has given analyses of the minor works through which Dante rose as it were to the consciousness of his strength. We could wish that even more had been done, and that the relative positions of the Vita Nuova and Convito had been more accurately defined; but we are thankful for so much as is given us, when we remember the deficiencies of those who have gone before. Altogether, M. de Vericour's book will serve admirably as a hand-book for those who wish to make acquaintance with the Tuscan poet. If it reach a second edition, he will do well to let some English friend correct the orthography and language, which are often painfully incorrect. His own revision will have to be addressed chiefly to a labour for which his work in some degree supplies the materials, but which he himself has scarcely attempted to execute. The question how far Dante belongs to his age, and is simply great as its very highest artistic embodiment, and how far he belongs to all time and to humanity, is one which a biographer and critic ought not to pass by in comparative silence. The great injustice of a comparison with Milton would never have been ventured upon if the readers of Dante had not been misled by accidental circumstances into thinking of him as merely Italian and Mediæval. When he had once been labelled Ghibelline and anti-Papal, he was henceforth only an item in antiquarian lumber-rooms, interesting from his connexion with the gossip of an extinct faction, with premature Reformers, or unaccredited Free Masonry.

Undoubtedly, in one sense, Dante's sympathies were with the Empire; and it was not merely the accident of party warfare that drew him to fight in the ranks against the fierce democracy of Florence. At a time when all possession was held by the tenure of the strong hand and naked sword, every separate estate was a sovereignty, and wars of aggression or defence, interrupted only by truces for a series of years, were the natural and normal state of society. No man thought of contesting the principle; but those who, like Dante, believed war to be an evil in itself, desired the establishment of an universal monarchy which should sum up all proprietorship in itself, and adjust the claims of separate principalities in one supreme Court, of which all should be feudal vassals. Dante himself tells us that when Rome sent forth its eagles throughout the world, it was animated, not by the lust of conquest, but by a Divine instinct which bade it lay the foundations of "human citizenship." The Empire, however, does not exclude the idea of an aristocracy; and this cannot be based upon riches, for "they are in themselves contemptible," and therefore will not ennoble their possessor; while the great Christian sentiment of our common humanity excludes the idea of an aristocracy of caste. But the soul that has received at birth a larger portion of the Divine light, which is our life, is ennobled and called to govern by God himself. Thus the Empire and feudalism are accepted and interpreted by the lamp of Platonic philosophy. But Dante is not an Imperialist in that modern sense which erects altars to the police—he protests prophetically against "that death of every sublime idea which is called order." Here, then, comes in the function of the Church, to balance the secular power and supply that spiritual liberty of ideas without which law will be a mere title upon a tomb. It is the splendour of this conception which makes Dante pitiless to the ambitious or mercenary Pope. His punishment is eternal, because his sin is infinite; he is Judas who has betrayed his Lord; his counsellors are they "who prevent the chariot of the Spouse from following along the path of the Crucified." Otherwise, we do not need the creed which satisfied the Ravenna inquisitors to assure us that the poet accepted the religion of his times. In his letters the Pope is "the father of our fathers," and Rome is "the home of the Spouse of Christ." The remembrance of Church litanies floats to him with comfort as he falters along the rocky shelves of Purgatory; and St. Francis and St. Dominic, the apostles of love and of judgment for the Mediæval Church, are the saints on whose story the glorified love to linger. There is no faltering in

* *The Life and Times of Dante.* By R. de Vericour, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the Queen's University, Ireland. London: J. F. Hope.

the praise of him who "smote strongly upon the roots of heresy," as there is no pity for the great Emperor who expiates his doubt in the burning shroud of an ark without a covenant. The "horrible sins of Manfred," the pride of Omberto, and the late repentance of Sordello, can find pardon; for "infinite mercy has arms so wide that it gathers again all who return to it." But only through the Church is the path to Heaven; and He who broke down the gates of Hell to redeem the patriarchs and the children of Rachel, did not cast the saving shadow of the Cross over Virgil and Plato, and the friend of St. Paul, Seneca.

Thus far, then, we understand the position of Dante as the poet of his age, and the peculiar form into which his vision of the invisible world is cast. All is clear, rigid, and defined; there is one great kingdom of truth, and he that is not of it is against it. The conception of Satan, as a monster with flapping wings, has often been compared disadvantageously to Milton's picture of the lost archangel "with faded splendour wan." The difference is that of creed and time. Dante can allow no compromise with Hell. He views sin as a theological abstraction, or, looking down on its foul details from a lofty idealism, as in itself loathsome and unnatural. In Milton's time, the awful sense of the dignity of human nature has increased; the sinner is one of those who might have been glorious; his lost hopes and terrible immortality are signets that the unquenchable fires will only deepen as they burn. By a quick transition, Satan and Lucifer, Son of the Morning, will be transformed into Mephistopheles, the cynical embodiment of temptation and opportunity. So easy is it to pass from Shakespeare's hint that "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman" to Heine's new gospel that "the devil is dead."

Dante is connected with his age by this systematic treatment of all that can be conceived as inanimate and abstract. It was the very time when an English archbishop was reducing all doctrinal religion to a series of geometrical propositions. Nature itself was angular to the painter; even Dante's landscapes have a sort of crystalline symmetry; and yet, from an instinct of artistic power, the poet wrote so as to retain the human interest throughout his work. By all conventional rules of the epic or the picture, the presence of the pilgrim throughout an action to which he does not contribute impairs the unity of representation—the penitents of Purgatory do well to shrink from one who is not of them. Such a vision as that of the Apocalypse, might have shown how the circles of hell coiled horribly in spiral folds under earth, and how men ascend through suffering to the feet of God; while a hundred little episodes—like the broken groups in the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo—might have displayed the different fates that are scattered through eternity, in a picture which we should yet have viewed as a whole, not travelling from part to part. It is strange to think how coldly classical a work might have been framed upon this model by some great word-painter. Only how could the story of Francesca have been told with that intense compression of agony in which the real woman speaks? By whom, except by the Florentine crusader, could the ancient story of Florence be felt and given? How, if we had not travelled and looked forward with Dante, could we understand Beatrice? Much the same criticism which has condemned Dante for an epic without unity, and a drama without dialogue, passes sentence upon his introduction of familiar names—the petty Guelphic captain or the obscure forger of a will. No doubt it would have been easy to give instead names with which the world was already ringing; but the poet could not deal with shadows where all about him was a great reality. Souls to him were lives in which his own had been bound up—friends, or teachers, or deadly foes, or the heroic ancestry of all Italians.

If Dante has been unjustly praised as a Reformer by men who did not know what the plain speaking of the middle ages was, his deep feeling of the divinity in women has most unfairly been passed by as a feature of the times. Teutonic reverence for the mother and the wife, the association of Catholicism with womanhood, and the spirit of chivalry, are commonly supposed to have shielded the sex, during the Middle Ages, against even a thought of wrong. They were in truth mighty influences, and destined, at a later time, to triumph; but not sufficient to prevail against the coarse passions which "muscular Christianity" has a certain tendency to engender, or the spiritual contempt of ascetics for the daughters of Eve. A thousand coarse satires, jingled in the rough Latin rhymes of the convent, or carved in stone upon the cynical Church walls, attest the popular feeling during the ages of faith; and the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer—all the more valuable because they are not original—show the foul plague-spot of society in all its different orders and under widely various phases of refinement. Even in the *Morte d'Arthur*, that purity, which is the ideal of the knights and the condition of all success, is not so much as the accidental distinction of any woman from Guenever downwards. Loyal and idolatrous love might be taught by chivalry; but any deeper reverence than that which weakness and beauty excite, was impossible. And thus Dante is singular in a happy instinct, when he tells us that the remembrance of Beatrice was "of such noble virtue" as to preserve him, in his unguarded moments, from stray assaults of passion. But she is even more than this to him. The recollection of her spiritual nature is at once the assurance that an invisible world exists, and the cause of that deep longing which transports him beyond the limits of common humanity. Even the exquisite legends of *Psyche* and *Undine* are colourless

by comparison with the story which tells us not merely that the soul is first born in love, and proved in suffering, but that only love can guide it through shadows and thick darkness to the light whose undying glory is above all the heavens.

For the minor details of Dante's relations with his contemporaries, his embroilment in their fierce quarrels, and the isolation which at last encompassed him, we must refer the reader to the pages of Professor de Vericour. They bring out clearly that with all his faults of temper and education, Dante was honorable and manly as few, unfortunately, in the guild of poets have been—never allowing his ideal attachment to diminish the integrity of his love for his wife, and alternately risking and enduring to eat the salt-bread of banishment sooner than compromise with his duty to the State or his self-respect. Much of the idle scandal that has hitherto clung to his fame is now disposed of, we may hope, for the last time. M. de Vericour's view of the poet's relations to his age is so clear and sensible, where we have it, that its incompleteness is its only real fault. And the sterling merits of the work—condensation, fairness, and eloquence—make it among all formal biographies perhaps the best extant introduction to the study of Dante himself.

HISTORY OF THE CANON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

PERHAPS there is no idea which is equally familiar to men's minds, and which is at the same time so vague and indefinite, as the idea of Holy Scripture. Of course it is easy enough to define the limits of Scripture now-a-days, as the Sixth Article, and the Queen's Printer, and the Bible Society have drawn a sufficiently sharp line of demarcation for us. But what is Scripture, after all? What is its formal difference? What is its evidence? Of course the Bible Society has got its answer ready. It is the Word of God, the Christian's charter, and the title-deed of Salvation—all which, practically speaking, is very true, yet hardly a sufficient answer. Who first severed these books from among other compositions, and called the former Divine and the latter Human? And by what authority did he do so? For neither the Bible Society, nor the Queen's Printer, nor even the Thirty-nine Articles, constitute altogether an ultimate court of appeal.

Theological students—and not they only, but the general public (for his work is far from being cast in a technical mould)—owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Westcott for bringing this subject fairly before them in the candid and comprehensive essay which lies before us. It is one of a series of "Theological Manuals" now in course of compilation at Cambridge. Perhaps the highest praise which we can award to it as a theological work, is that it is at once perfectly fair and impartial, and imbued with a thoroughly religious spirit—and as a manual, that it exhibits in a lucid form, and in a narrow compass, the results of extensive research and accurate thought.

Mr. Westcott is under considerable obligations to the critics of the Tübingen school; but while he has availed himself extensively of the results of their labours, he happily dissents from the conclusions to which those labours have led them. The following extract from his preface will give a fair notion of the general spirit of the whole work:—

To lay claim to candour is only to profess, in other words, that I have sought to fulfil the part of an historian, and not of a controversialist. No one will be more grieved than myself if I have misrepresented or omitted any point of real importance; and those who know the extent and intricacy of the ground to be travelled over will readily pardon less serious errors. But candour will not, I trust, be mistaken for indifference; for I have no sympathy with those who are prepared to sacrifice, with apparent satisfaction, each debated position at the first assault. Truth is, indeed, dearer than early faith; but he can love truth little who knows no other love. If, then, I have ever spoken coldly of Holy Scripture, it is because I have wished to limit my present statements to the just consequences of the evidence brought forward. But history is not our only guide; for while internal criticism cannot decide on the place of history, it has its proper field; and as feeling cannot decide on facts, so neither can testimony convey that sense of the manifold wisdom of the Apostolic words which is, I believe, the sure blessing of those who seek rightly to penetrate into their meaning. (p. ix.)

So much for the general tone of the work; let that which follows be taken as an index of its general scope:—

My object, in the present essay, has been to deal with the New Testament as a whole, and that on purely historical grounds. The separate books of which it is composed are considered, not individually, but as claiming to be parts of the Apostolic heritage of Christians. And thus reserving for another occasion the inquiry into their mutual relations and associated unity, I have endeavoured to connect the history of the New Testament Canon with the growth and consolidation of the Catholic Church, and to point out the relation existing between the amount of evidence for the authenticity of its component parts, and the whole mass of Christian literature. However imperfectly this design has been carried out, I cannot but hope that such a method of inquiry will convey both the truest notion of the connexion of the written word with the living Body of Christ, and the surest conviction of its Divine authority. Hitherto, the co-existence of several types of Apostolic doctrine in the first ages, and of various parties in Christendom for several generations afterwards, has been quoted to prove that our Bible, as well as our faith, is a mere compromise. But while I acknowledge most willingly the great merit of the Tübingen school in pointing out with marked distinctness the characteristics of the different books of the New Testament, and their connexion with special sides of Christian doctrine and with various eras in the Christian Church, it seems to me almost inexplicable that they should not have found in these writings the explanation instead of the result of those divisions which are traceable up to Apostolic times. (p. vii.)

* A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the first Four Centuries. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Westcott has gone carefully through the citations from, and other references to, the various writings which constitute the New Testament during the period which he has chosen as the limit of his inquiry. He has ransacked Fathers, Heretics, Versions, Canons, and Catalogues, with the object of discovering, not so much the opinions of particular writers, as the testimony of the Churches to particular books. He has candidly recorded every expression of a doubt as to their authority or apostolic origin, but has carefully discriminated between doubts expressed by individual writers, and those negatively sanctioned by the absence of public sanction—and, again, between doubts arising from the internal character of a work, and those which resulted from the want of sufficient historical testimony. While he admits that the age of the Early Fathers was essentially uncritical in its character, he finds traces of historical criticism even in Christian writers of those centuries. He parries the putid accusation so often urged against Clement of Rome, of assuming not only the credibility, but the veracity, of the story of the Phoenix, by observing that the same story has never been made a ground of accusation against the most acute and philosophical of Roman historians.

The great difficulty of obtaining satisfactory evidence from the early writers is enhanced by the undeniable fact that there was a traditional rule of doctrine, as well as a traditional history of Christ, running parallel to the written rule. As controversy arose, the evidence of the traditional creed became less convincing to the party against whose tenets it told; and appeal was consequently made to the extant writings of those who had seen and conversed with Christ, and who were commissioned by Him to build up the ecclesiastical edifice. Thus it was that the New Testament became gradually and, we may add, unconsciously (although doubtless in accordance with the decrees of Providence) elevated into an ultimate authority in doctrine; and simultaneously with this gradual change, there was a corresponding growth in the recognition of its essential unity. It is a great step when Christian writers speak of its words as *ἡ γραφή*, or introduce them with the familiar formula *γράφεται*.

Upon this last head Mr. Westcott makes an important concession. Hume has said, in that rotund but somewhat flimsy way of his, of a real genius, "that the longer his works endure, and the more wide they are spread, the more sincere is the admiration he meets with. Envy and jealousy," he continues, "have too much place in a narrow circle, and even familiar acquaintance with his person may diminish the applause due to his performance"—i. e., among his contemporaries and countrymen. Our author applies the same principle to the gradual recognition in the Church of the idea of Inspiration:—

It cannot, however, be denied, that the idea of the Inspiration of the New Testament, in the sense in which it is maintained now, was the growth of time. Distance is a necessary condition, if we are to estimate rightly any object of vast proportions. The history of any period will furnish illustrations of this truth; and the teaching of God through man always appears to be subject to the common laws of human life and thought. If it be true that a prophet is not received in his own country, it is equally true that he is not received in his own age. The sense of his power is vague even when it is deepest. Years must elapse before we can feel that the words of one who talked with men were indeed the words of God.

The successors of the Apostles did not, we admit, recognise that the written histories of the Lord, and the scattered epistles of His first disciples, would form a sure and sufficient source and test of doctrine, when the current tradition had grown indistinct or corrupt. Conscious of a life in the Christian body, and realizing the power of its Head, as later ages cannot do, they did not feel that the Apostles were providentially charged to express once for all in their writings the essential forms of Christianity, even as the Prophets had foreshadowed them. The position which they held did not command that comprehensive view of the nature and fortunes of the Christian Church by which the idea is suggested and confirmed. (p. 64.)

Mr. Westcott cites in a note, but makes no comment on, the following account of the Gospel of St. Mark, quoted from Papias by Eusebius, which shows that his idea of the inspiration of a historical writer of the New Testament was not altogether that which would find favour now:—

Μάρκος μὲν ἑρμηνεύτης Πέτρον γενόμενος ὅσα ἑρμηνεύσους ἀκριβῶς ἔγραψεν. (p. 81.)

And yet Mr. Westcott's version of this passage is far more unfavourable to the popular view than the words of the original text. It is translated thus (p. 80):—"Mark, having become Peter's interpreter, wrote accurately all that he remembered." Surely it means "all that he (i. e. Peter) related"—an interpretation which reduces the statement of Papias, or his authority, to the doctrine implied in the preface to St. Luke's Gospel.

Yet Mr. Westcott thinks that even the earliest of the Christian writers drew a decided line between the Apostles and themselves, although the proofs which he urges are far from satisfactory. When the Apostolic Fathers compare themselves disparagingly with the Apostles, the fact is, to our mind, so far from proving that they drew a sharp line of demarcation between them and themselves, as to show, on the contrary, that they thought a comparison possible. If Polycarp modestly denies that "he has attained unto the wisdom of the blessed Paul," he only uses language which the Archbishop of Canterbury might apply to Cranmer, or Dr. Bunting to John Wesley. When Ignatius says of St. Peter and St. Paul that they were "free men," and he "a condemned criminal" (if, indeed, he is not speaking literally), he is certainly not attributing infallibility to the writings of those Apostles. Rather he shows, by instituting a comparison between their letters and his own, that he considers the difference between them to be one of degree and not of kind.

However, it may be admitted that the sense of difference which comes out thus obscurely in the writings of the Apostolic Fathers was gradually developed by the religious instinct of the Catholic Church, until the idea of a Canon of the New Testament was generally adopted. Strange to say, the first open recognition of the idea of a Canon proceeded from a heterodox source, the heretic Marcion. At length the fires of persecution—which purified the faith and practice of the Church in other respects also—by teaching Christians to draw a distinction between the books which it was sacrilege to give up to their persecutors, and those which they might give up, though not without incurring the opprobrious epithet of Traditors, purged the canonical books of the New Testament from the apocryphal dross which had obtained currency along with them, and fixed deeply in their minds the idea of the Canon as a whole.

Even the most accurate writer makes an occasional slip, and Mr. Westcott is no exception to this rule. To add another instance to the mistranslation quoted above from Papias—in quoting in English (p. 240) the Muratorian Fragment on the Canon, which is given at length in the original at the close of the volume (p. 558), he translates the words *uno ac principali spiritu*, "by one informing spirit," and justifies the translation in a note as follows:—

Routh, on the authority of the glossary of Philoxenus, translates *principalis* by *ἡγεμονικός*; but *principium* occurs twice in the fragment as the representative of *ἀρχή*, and it seems to me that *ἀρχαίος* in a cognate sense suits the context here.

It should be observed in explanation of this argument that the fragment, although in Latin, bears unmistakable signs of having been translated, and not very well translated, from the Greek, which was, as Mr. Westcott truly observes, for a long time "the common language of the Roman Church." Nevertheless, Mr. Westcott seems not to have observed that the word in question is the epithet of *spiritus* in the 11th verse of the 51st Psalm in the Gallican Psalter, and that it is there a rendering of the Septuagint *ἡγεμονικός*:—

Καὶ πνεύματι ἡγεμονικῷ στήριξόν με.
Et spiritu principali confirma me.
And establish me with Thy free spirit.

The original *נְיָרִיכָה* will bear either rendering. There can be no doubt that the translator of the Muratorian Fragment had *πνεύματι ἐνὶ καὶ ἡγεμονικῷ* before him, and that recognising the Scriptural citation, he translated in accordance with the version of the Old Testament which was familiar to his readers.

Another small error is unworthy of the general historical accuracy of the writer. He has fallen a victim to a rhetorical antithesis:—"The great work of Irenæus written in the wilds of Gaul . . . is the sole considerable monument of the literature of the churches of Asia Minor," &c. (p. 432.) No doubt Mr. Westcott had a vision flitting before his mind's eye, in which the effeminate Asiatic Greek figured on one side of the picture, and the rough Gaul and his brawny wife, as painted by Ammianus Marcellinus, on the other. But surely it is not strictly accurate to speak of a Bishop of Lyons, at the close of the second century, as writing "in the wilds of Gaul." A wealthy and industrious city—at this period the principal commercial station in that portion of the Roman Empire, and the capital of a Roman province to which it gave its own name—cannot be appositely described in terms such as we should not apply in the present age to the newly-created sees of our Antipodean prelates.

But these are trifling blemishes, and a writer whose general accuracy forces his reviewers into such minute criticism as this may well be pardoned such slight lapses. For the rest we cordially recommend it, not only to professed students of divinity, but to all who are desirous of acquiring a general view not merely of the history of the Canon, but of what is quite as important—the history, namely, of the idea of a Canon.

ST. JOHN'S EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.*

MR. ST. JOHN tells us in his preface that in publishing a volume on education, he is but casting his widow's mite into the treasury, and that towards great ends every little helps. He has not badly described his work or its probable effect. The book is pleasantly written, rather pretentious, but evidently expressive of a real interest in the subject, and likely to do some good. But it is superficial and grandiloquent, and approaches difficult subjects only to skim over and leave them. It would be easy to point out its defects, but there is so much that is weak or foolish written about education, that it is no use showing that Mr. St. John unites faults that are more specially his own with faults that naturally spring from the subject he has taken in hand. The only possible object any one can have in reading a treatise on education is to see what there is new in it; and omitting, therefore, all notice of the greater part of the volume, we will only advert to the points on which Mr. St. John has to offer original, or at least unaccepted suggestions. He proposes three principal schemes for our acceptance; and these are, an Ethnological Settlement, Schools of Emigration, and the conversion of Mechanics' Institutes into places of amusement. We will examine each of these plans separately.

* *The Education of the People.* By James Augustus St. John. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

Mr. St. John—who has only to spend other persons' money, and can therefore afford to be lavish—thinks it practicable and desirable to institute anthropological gardens, where specimens of the different races subject to the Queen might be assembled in a settlement "with very extensive grounds." The inhabitants, who ought to be located in pairs, should be invited to construct their own dwellings according to the architectural ideas of their several countries, and to retain their own appropriate furniture, dress, ornaments, amusements, food, and mode of life. "The Esquimaux, the Red Indian, the Caffre, the Hottentot, the Negro, the Australian, the New Zealander, the Dyak, the Malay, the wild Goond, the Cingalese, the Belouche, the Afghan, the Brahmin, and various other castes and tribes of India might thus be brought together within the same enclosure." It is a magnificent idea, but obviously expensive. If the Red Indian is to follow his favourite pursuits, we could scarcely expect him to do without an elk forest, and the Cingalese would require an artificial warm ocean to indulge in his usual pastime. The natural propensity of the different pairs would at once lead them to exterminate each other, and very strong supervision would be necessary to prevent the abrupt termination of the undertaking. Then if they are curbed or restrained they cease to be themselves, and therefore cease to be instructive. What is the use of a Malay if he may not run a-muck, and what would the wild Goond do all day if there was a policeman in attendance on him?

Another magnificent scheme is to have schools for emigration. There are three classes of persons for whom Mr. St. John wishes to provide—ragged boys, foundlings, and unmarried women. They are all pitiable people, and Mr. St. John wishes to have institutions where any number of them could be taken, and fed, and instructed, and whence they might be ultimately shipped off to the colonies. Perhaps the way in which such propositions are made is worth observing. It would be a good thing to get rid of young thieves—therefore let them be sent to the colonies. It is shocking to think of infanticide—stop it at once by providing for every child that is born. Women that do not marry are apt to be dull, poor, and miserable—marry them in the colonies. Thus the philanthropist argues, and when asked who is to pay for it all, replies—"The State!" It would almost seem as if people really thought the State was a live person unconnected with themselves, and possessed of a boundless fortune. What they mean by the State is nothing more than persons of accumulated wealth, and of industry and enterprise. The rich, in short, are to pay for the poor. If we stated in full what is virtually intended by the philanthropist, we should say, "Let there be no more thieves, for they can live at the expense of the honest men; let there be no more infanticide, for the frugal, temperate, and provident can be mulcted to rear the fruits of incontinence and folly; let there be no more spinsters, for fathers of families can be made to buy husbands for them." The Red Indian deer forests and Dyak jungles in the heart of Middlesex are simple absurdities, and can be passed by with a laugh: but this plan of making what is called the State pay is one of the fallacies through which almost all men of unreflecting benevolence pass at one stage of their career. It is this which is the keystone of Socialism, where the State (meaning the enthusiasts who are to put their hands in the pockets of the rich) is to guide, control, pay for, and provide everything. It is this which is adding so dangerous a burden to the yearly estimates of England; and it is this which is avowedly the ruling principle in the minds of many who ask for a new Reform Bill. The electoral list is to be extended until the class is reached who have more to gain than lose by the State being called on to furnish funds for every benevolent project. In New Orleans the theory reigns triumphant, and a few persons of means pay the whole rates and burdens of the city. In a town which is still the main outlet of a new country and a teeming soil, it is possible that this may be done, and yet property bear the strain, but in an old country the principle of State benevolence must in the end inevitably sap the foundations of national greatness. It is scarcely credible that after all that has been said and written on population, a man of decent sense should seriously propose that paupers should be encouraged to breed like flies, and deposit their eggs in a foundling-box to be hatched into colonial butterflies by the State.

The reconstruction of Mechanics' Institutes, again, is an interesting subject, but it is treated by Mr. St. John with that precipitate good-nature which is characteristic of him and of his school. Mechanics' Institutes are too high-pressure, too dull, too learned, involve too much hard work for tired men. The question is therefore asked, how can recreation be added—how can men be attracted to them, cheered and refreshed while there, and yet reap the benefits proper to the institution? Mr. St. John sees no difficulty. What the mechanic wants is, he says, amusement. Attach coffee and smoking-rooms to these establishments, and workmen will be soon found to frequent them. Then the poor fellows would be all the better and happier for a little healthful excise. Let us accordingly include in the Institutes a shooting-gallery, a place for sword exercise, for pitching the quoit, and throwing the jereed. Undoubtedly this would make Mechanics' Institutes attractive, but it would rather interfere with their original purpose. It may be a good thing that a mechanic should find a building where he can bring his muscles out in one room with a jereed and calm his nerves with a pipe in

another, but the great object of Mechanics' Institutes was to act on the intellect, not on the muscles or the nerves. Mr. St. John is like a man who should propose to obviate the difficulty of getting the poor to come to church by having comic songs substituted for the hymns, and an "olio of oddities" for the sermon.

There is not much to be got out of suggestions like these. The direction in which they point may be right, but what we want to know is, not the right direction, but the best means. It may be a good thing that the English poor should realize the extent and diversity of the English empire, but we are rather placed further from than brought nearer to the wished-for end by a project for turning a Goond into Epping Forest and squatting a Dyak in Romney Marsh. To get the proper emigrants to the proper colonies is most desirable, but we do not learn how to do this by having it suggested that all the illegitimate babies in the country should be made into colonists. To smoke is a pleasure, and to take exercise an advantage, to a mechanic; but pipes and gymnastics are formidable rivals to the knowledge of optics and hydrostatics, which the Institutes were established to foster. Society cannot be benefited by a man going on like an old patriarch blessing his tribe, and persuading them there is enough mare's milk for everybody. The authors of real improvement work in a much humbler way, hope for very little, and take things much more nearly as they find them.

CURRENCY DOCTRINES.*

SOME time since we noticed a curious and interesting collection of papers printed for private circulation, by Lord Overstone, in order to exhibit the growth of opinion on some financial topics connected with the National Debt. The juxtaposition of essays and pamphlets ranging over a long period showed that sound views had, after repeated struggles, at length banished the fallacies which down to the time of Pitt constituted the financial science recognised by Prime Ministers and Chancellors of the Exchequer. A similar publication is now before us, which deals with the history of opinion on Currency questions during the last century. Mr. McCulloch, who edited the former collection, has performed the same task for these currency tracts, and has given in a brief preface a sketch of the progress of the science, as displayed by the series of essays of which the volume is composed. The general conclusion to be drawn from them is less creditable to the acuteness of our own age than that derived from the Financial Tracts. It was satisfactory to trace the gradual but complete extinction of the old Sinking-Fund delusion, which was in times past the means of wasting so much of the public money. We have no such complete victory to record in the currency controversy. Public opinion has no doubt made considerable progress since the date of the earliest of these papers, but it is nevertheless true that many fallacies which were effectually refuted half a century ago rise up again to be again answered by the old arguments, on every occasion when currency doctrines come under consideration. It is rather humiliating to know that we have at this moment a Chancellor of the Exchequer who cannot or will not comprehend the truths which were demonstrated by Thornton in 1801, and still more conclusively by Ricardo in 1811. Certainly the national progress in this matter has been very slow, and the only consolation is to see that sound theory has been gradually taking a stronger and stronger hold of the country, although it has not yet penetrated to the masses, or taken possession of the active mind of the author of *Coningsby*.

At a very early period, the English colonies in North America commenced the tempting game of emitting enormous quantities of paper currency not convertible on demand. The first tract in this volume is an anonymous publication of the year 1751, in which the inevitable consequences of such a policy are pointed out with much force and clearness. The author had fairly seized the first elementary doctrine, that by multiplying inconvertible notes no addition is made to the wealth of a nation, and that the only result is to depreciate the value of the currency in proportion to its excess. The inferior value of the York shilling as compared with the currency of Great Britain, and the contrast between the pound currency and the pound sterling in Canada, are evidences, surviving to the present day, of the effect of the policy pursued by the Colonial legislatures. Happily, the class of speculators who fancy they see in an indefinite issue of inconvertible paper the panacea for all the troubles to which commerce is exposed, has become so insignificant that we may treat the error of the American colonists as almost, if not entirely, exploded. We wish we could say the same of some other fallacies which date from the same period.

About the same time, the establishment of a large number of private banks of issue, first in Scotland, and afterwards in various parts of England, was the occasion of a vigorous controversy, in which David Hume appeared as the most effective opponent of the system, which found an able champion in an anonymous writer, supposed by Mr. McCulloch to have been Dr. Robert Wallace. Hume's essay deserves, we think, greater credit than Mr. McCulloch has given it. It is true that Hume failed adequately to appreciate the economy of bullion and the facility to commerce which were secured by banking institutions. He had, moreover, a rather puerile dread of a diminution in the quantity

* A Select Collection of Scarce and Valuable Tracts and other Publications on Paper Currency and Banking, from the originals of Hume, Wallace, Thornton, Ricardo, Blake, Huskisson, and others. 1858.

of gold and silver retained in the country, and does not seem to have been altogether free from the idea that the amount of specie in the country was the true measure of national wealth. Lord Elibank, who followed with a feebleness in the line of argument which Hume initiated, developed this fancy into the most preposterous assertions. Assuming the quantity of specie currency to have been reduced to one third of the entire circulation, he draws the ludicrous conclusion that two thirds of the substance and trade of the nation had got into the hands of the bankers; "for," he argues, "as the whole money in a state represents, and is the value of, the whole stock of labour and commodities which it produces, so two thirds of the one must be equal to two thirds of the other."

The logic is as perfect as that of the *pons asinorum*, and the argument only breaks down from the absurd falsity of the assumption that the money in a country is the equivalent of all its wealth. We do not imagine that Hume could have been betrayed into so transparent a fallacy, but his essay is open to the imputation of not repudiating with sufficient clearness a notion which, however ludicrous, was rather extensively entertained. Subject, however, to these observations, his Essay is in the main sound enough. His admiration for a banking system like that of Amsterdam, which required a deposit of gold against every note issued, has some reason at the bottom of it, although to carry to such an extreme the principle of making notes mere representatives of coin, is no doubt a needlessly extravagant way of securing the convertibility of the paper issues. But the great merit of Hume's Essay is the clearness with which he points out that paper issues are not an addition to, but a substitute for, the bullion that would otherwise circulate. He supposes the case of a State having twelve millions of paper money and eighteen millions of specie in circulation, and he pertinently adds, "Here is a State which is found by experience to be able to hold a stock of thirty millions. I say, if it be able to hold it, it must of necessity have acquired it in gold and silver, had we not obstructed the entrance of these metals by this new invention of paper." The broad theory of this is perfectly sound, and the only error involved in it is, that no account is taken of the quantity of bullion which has to be kept practically locked up in the banks in order to secure the convertibility of the notes. So far as the banks of issue increased their reserves to provide for liabilities in respect of notes payable on demand, so far the aggregate amount of paper and bullion was no doubt greater than the amount of the specie circulation would have been. But we think that Mr. McCulloch's criticism on this point is quite as open to objection as the passage on which he comments. He says that Hume had no clear idea of the fundamental distinction between [inconvertible] paper-money and Bank-notes payable on demand. "The former," he says, "may sink far below the value of the sums they profess to represent, and, being legal tender, will most likely expel coin from circulation. But no such consequences can follow from the issue of bank-notes such as were then circulated in all parts of Great Britain. They were fully equivalent to the gold which might be obtained in exchange for them the moment it was required. The latter was not forced abroad; but a portion of it, being rendered unnecessary by the employment of notes which were found to be more commodious, was exported in exchange for commodities which made a corresponding addition to the wealth and capital of the country."

This is a very unfortunate sentence, and, coming from a man of Mr. McCulloch's reputation, may do serious mischief. We do not imagine that he is himself tainted with the error into which the late Chancellor of the Exchequer fell, in being unable to apprehend the possibility of a depreciation of currency without any disturbance of the relative values of the paper and bullion portions of it. But the passage we have cited is so loosely expressed that it may be supposed by many to countenance that almost exploded error. With very little distortion of his words, Mr. McCulloch may be made to say that notes will not expel coin from circulation until they have sunk to a discount, and that specie, rendered unnecessary by the employment of notes, and consequently exported in exchange for commodities, is not properly said to be forced abroad. Anything like encouragement to errors which still survive, coming from the pen of one of the foremost champions of sound currency principles, is a far more serious matter than one mistake, more or less, in an author who wrote a hundred years ago; and we therefore do not apologise for discussing Mr. McCulloch rather than Mr. Hume. What we take to be the incontestable truth is this. When notes are issued against an equal amount of specie stored up to provide for their liquidation, each note takes the place of the corresponding amount of gold, and the circulation is unaltered in amount or value. If inconvertible notes are issued and made a legal tender, they immediately depreciate the currency to an extent measured by their value in exchange. This depreciation will take place, even though the quantity of notes be so limited as to keep them at par, and will then reduce the value of gold and paper equally. This will affect the exchanges unfavourably, as it is called, until the disturbance is rectified by the export of a corresponding amount of bullion, either in exchange for commodities, or in satisfaction of debt. Now, take the case of notes payable on demand. If a million of such notes are issued without any corresponding increase in the

reserves stored up against them, they depreciate the whole gold and paper currency to the same extent as a million of inconvertible paper. The same process takes place, and gold is forced abroad to the same extent as before, and by the same means—that is, through the ordinary channels of commerce. In fact, it may perhaps be assumed, that for every million of notes payable on demand which a banker issues, he practically increases his reserve to some extent, so as to be prepared for his increased liabilities. There is therefore less gold available for trade than there was before, and to some extent the effect of the extra issue is diminished. Thus an issue of a million of convertible notes may be equivalent to an effective increase of only three-quarters of a million in the entire circulation. It was in losing sight of this qualification that Mr. Hume's only inaccuracy consisted. But the depreciation, in such a case, though less than it would be with inconvertible paper, must always follow the issue of additional notes, and will right itself at last in the way we have mentioned.

The depreciation of notes as compared with gold occurs only when the stock of gold falls short of what is wanted for the operations of foreign commerce, and is a consequence of excessive issues. This is a very different thing from the depreciation of the whole currency which takes place while the notes remain at par, and it is unfortunate that, by not drawing with sufficient clearness the distinction between them, Mr. McCulloch has laid himself open to some misconception. Of course we do not refer to him when we say that the confusion which has existed in some minds on this subject has been aggravated by the use of the same term *depreciation* to describe two distinct phenomena. If one might speak of the debasement of notes to signify their depression below par, and confine the word "*depreciation*" to the case where the value of the whole currency was referred to, we should avoid a source of error which, if not very formidable to any one who is familiar with the subject, has led to much idle discussion within the walls of Parliament.

We have devoted so much space to the editor's comments on Hume's essay, that we must content ourselves with a very brief reference to the rest of the volume. One of the most remarkable tracts in the collection is the composition of a Mr. Thornton, who was a member of Parliament and a Director of the Bank at the time when the suspension of specie payments took place. It is very evident that the author had a perfect mastery of the principles and details of the subject which he handled; but that portion of the pamphlet which relates to the conduct of the Bank is not free from sophistry, and might lead the reader to doubt the soundness of some of Thornton's views, if it were not the more natural explanation [that he came forward as an advocate of the Bank, and not as an impartial judge, and thought himself at liberty to give undue prominence to the considerations which it was possible to urge in favour of the course which he had undertaken to defend. The remaining essays are those which preceded and followed the Report of the Bullion Committee. Of these, Ricardo's Essay on the High Price of Bullion is well known, and in this, together with Mr. Huskisson's pamphlet on the Depreciation of the Currency, and a luminous Treatise on Exchange by Mr. Blake, a solution may be found for almost every difficulty with which many modern currency philosophers delight to entangle themselves and perplex their hearers and readers.

We know that a work upon currency is not generally considered attractive, but the value of these tracts will be appreciated by all who take an interest in monetary science. As mere specimens of clear and cogent reasoning, many of the papers have a charm quite irrespective of the subject under discussion; and if we might venture to suggest a pleasant, though not exactly an indolent, recreation for the leisure hours of Ministerial members, from Mr. Disraeli downwards, we could not possibly do better than advise them to take the first opportunity they can procure of studying the valuable tracts which Lord Overstone has gathered together.

A V A.

WE cannot remember to have ever seen a more magnificent volume than the one before us. The size, the paper, the print, the ornaments of the cloth binding, and above all, the illustrations, are got up with a sort of splendour which we are rather at a loss to account for. In the case of the illustrations something more than display is consulted. They are admirably good; and some of them being engraved from photographs, have a richness of detail which is very remarkable within so small a compass. The literary interest of the work is, however, hardly equal to its artistic merit. Journals of embassies are seldom very instructive. The opportunities afforded to those who are attached to them of seeing the real state of the country are generally few and slight, and what they do see is not unfrequently prepared for their inspection beforehand. They almost always write under the pressure of a consciousness that they are expected to see and to observe a great deal, and the consequence is that they load their books with a vast deal of unimportant matter. Indeed, official journals exhibit in their most marked form all those faults against which the works of the smart, gossiping, rollicking

* A Narrative of the Mission sent by the Governor-General of India to the Court of Ava in 1855. With Notices of the Country, Government, and People. By Captain Henry Yule. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1858.

tourists, who are so common in the present day, are a reaction. Captain Yule's *Narrative* is an example of the truth of this observation. He fills a large volume with the details of the mission to which he was attached; and when we have read it we do not feel that we have any very clear conception of the country or of the people described in his book. The embassy of which Captain Yule is the historian, and of which Major Phayre was the head, set out from Rangoon for Amarapoora on the 1st August, 1855. In their passage up the Irawaddi there was very little which would seem to have merited any particular notice or attention. The most remarkable sight which presented itself was to be seen in the district which produces the strange substance known as earth-oil, or petroleum. This oil, which is employed in the manufacture of patent candles, is like thin treacle, and oozes from the ground into wells which are dug to receive it. They vary in depth from a hundred and eighty to upwards of three hundred feet, and are of the very simplest construction. Indeed, they are no more than holes in the earth, from which the oil is removed as it accumulates. The process of digging them is extremely dangerous, and often fatal to the persons employed.

On their arrival at the capital, the Mission party were lodged in a house built of teak and bamboo, and guarded by some six hundred Burmese troops. They were every day supplied with abundance of sweetmeats, &c., brought to them on huge silver dishes, by no less than thirty porters. The object of the mission was to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce, and the envoy had a number of interviews with the King and his Woongyis or ministers, with a view to its settlement. It was, however, found utterly impossible to induce the King to agree to any treaty whatever. He said that to sign treaties was contrary to the customs of the country, and that he would not break through them. The audiences given by the King to the envoy and his suite were, however, somewhat curious and interesting in themselves. On the first occasion, the King occupied a very magnificent throne, exactly like a Buddhist pulpit in shape and size, and constructed of a sort of mosaic of gold, silver and mirror work. He mounted it with some difficulty, using his sword as a walking-stick, which is not to be wondered at, inasmuch as his coat was so completely overlaid with jewels as to weigh nearly a hundred pounds. On several subsequent occasions interviews of a less formal and ceremonious character took place, at which the King conversed freely upon a variety of subjects. As usual in such cases, there was a strange disproportion between the importance of the conversation and the elaborate character of the means taken to bring it about. The King generally contented himself with asking a few very insignificant questions, and making quotations from certain theological or moral writings in credit in Burmah. On one occasion he talked a good deal about medicine, and about the natural curiosities of the country, and there was plenty of the exchanging of presents usual on such occasions.

Captain Yule gives a very detailed account of the city of Amarapoora, which is at present the capital of the Burmese empire. The seat of government was transferred thither from the ancient capital, Ava, in 1783. It is square in shape, and lies on a peninsula between the Irawaddi on the west, and a set of hollows which, from July to November, form lakes on the east and south. Most of the houses are mere bamboo cottages, but they are fenced off from each side of the street by a row of posts crowned with plants, and called the King's Fence, because the theory is, that when the King passes his subjects ought not to look at him. There is but one English resident in Amarapoora, but there are nearly 200 Christians there, and upwards of 2000 more in different parts of the country. They are Roman Catholics, and are said to have been descended from certain French, Portuguese, and other prisoners brought into the country upwards of a hundred years ago. There are about 2000 Chinese in the city, who are, Captain Yule tells us, as entirely different from the rest of the inhabitants in every possible way as they would be if they lived in London or New York. There is a considerable trade carried on overland between Burmah and China, the staples of which are cotton from Ava and silk from the Chinese province of Yunnan. It is in the hands of the Chinese residents at Amarapoora, and is conducted by means of caravans of travellers with laden horses and mules, which make the journey twice a year.

The most remarkable of the inhabitants of Amarapoora is the Lord White Elephant, a sort of Burmese Fetish. Such animals are of very rare occurrence, but when one is caught he is treated with the most extravagant veneration. He has a palace to live in, his harness is studded with rubies and diamonds, and the driving-hook with which he is managed is made of pearls, rubies, crystal, and gold. He has an appanage assigned for his maintenance, and is an estate of the realm, having a Woon or minister of his own, four golden umbrellas, the white umbrella peculiar to royalty, and thirty attendants. In the last reign the King used to ride him, but the present King has discontinued the practice. The existing white elephant has been in office for fifty years. He is a very tall beast, being upwards of ten feet high, and ornamented with most magnificent tusks, but he did not satisfy the critical judgment of Captain Yule in other respects. He considered him sickly and not well made. Other elephants of a more humble description were exhibited for the amusement

of the mission. They danced with their mahouts in a very ludicrous manner. Captain Yule is apparently a connoisseur in elephants, and mentions in a note the circumstance that, twenty-five years ago, he saw the exhibition of an elephant called D'Jeck, who danced and otherwise distinguished herself. Can this be the beast who is the heroine of Mr. Reade's ferocious attack upon the character and morals of the race? The identity of name is odd.

Captain Yule goes at considerable length into the history of Burmah, but the events recorded are neither important nor curious enough to engage the attention of general readers; and the same observation applies to his most minute and elaborate account of the map of Burmah. The country is very thinly peopled, the northern parts of it being almost entirely inhabited by savage tribes. Captain Yule computes the population of the country at something more than 2,000,000 souls. His sketch of the Buddhist system of religion is of more interest. The subject has, however, been brought of late so frequently before the public that it is needless to restate its bearings. The most singular point which Captain Yule brings forward is the passion by which those who constructed the system appear to have been possessed for inventing expressions for enormous and inconceivable numbers. Mount Meru is the centre of their universe; and the number of solar systems which exist in space is described by saying that if a wall reaching the highest heavens were built round the space occupied by a billion systems (the circumference of each of which is 3,610,350 Yojanas, or infinities), and the whole area were to be filled with mustard seeds, the number of seeds would be less than the number of systems. In the same spirit they teach that the life of man was originally an *asankhya* in length—an *asankhya* being that number which is expressed by the unit 1 followed by 140 cyphers.

The political affairs of Burmah have no particular interest. The army consists of about 500 artillerymen, 1200 cavalry, and 9000 infantry, besides an indefinite number of persons who are levied as they happen to be wanted. Nothing, however, can exceed the wretchedness of the equipments of this force, the members of which are never formidable except when they are ambuscaded behind stockades in the thickets and marshes which border the river. The King's revenues are collected to a great extent in kind, and they also include crown monopolies in cotton, lead, timber, rubies, &c. They are computed to amount at the outside to 400,000*l.* a-year. The currency is perhaps the most complicated in the world. It consists of pieces of silver of more or less weight and purity, and at every transaction the coin has to be regularly tested and valued before the bargain is concluded.

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